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The Nation. May 31, 1980 $1

EDITORIAL

WHAT PRICE VICTORY?

We will resist, of course, but it is more than a little unsettling to receive a legal document requiring us to reveal a source. Harper & Row and *Reader's Digest* are invoking the powers of the Federal courts to compel this disclosure in their lawsuit against *The Nation* over our story on Gerald Ford's memoirs. They want to know the "identity" of anyone who let us see the memoirs before they completed packaging them.

It is especially dispiriting to do battle with publishers over the confidentiality of a source. We thought they understood that to gather information it is vital for authors to guarantee anonymity to their sources. Indeed, the Association of American Publishers regularly intervenes in court cases to contend that the privilege of the confidentiality of sources should be extended to writers of books as well as to journalists.

We recognize that there are hard cases, as when a criminal defendant's right to a fair trial appears to conflict with a source's right to anonymity. But the conflict here doesn't seem to be of that order. Gerald Ford manipulated the release of information about his acts as Vice President and President so as to get the most money for his disclosures and present his actions in the most self-serving light. By scooping Ford, *The Nation* tried to shed a more searching light on his performance in public office, particularly the Nixon pardon. The only complaint Harper & Row and *Reader's Digest* make is that, in the process, we made their deal a little less sweet. Litigation inevitably breeds a victory-at-any-cost psychology. But are these publishers really ready to abandon precipitously so fundamental a principle as an author's right to protect his source? We hope that, as fellow beneficiaries of freedom of the press, they would agree that this is not a good reason to override the right of confidentiality.

MIDDLE EAST: SUPERPOWERS KEEP OUT
O. Edmund Clubb

THE D.O.E.'S STONEWALL
Fred J. Cook

JAMAICAN SHOWDOWN
Michael Moffitt

WHY VOTERS DON'T CARE
Kirkpatrick Sale

'UNSETTLING EUROPE'
Thomas Flanagan

SEX BOOKS
Richard Lingeman
Amy Wilentz

DREAM DEFERRED

DEATH OF REFORM IN THE U.M.W.

CURTIS SELTZER

The bane of reformers is that reform organizations all too frequently seem to slip back, if not to square one, then at least to square two.

The most promising labor reform movement of the 1970s—which emerged in the United Mine Workers of America—has collapsed and the union is sliding backward. New officials, led by president Sam Church Jr., a barrel-bodied former mine electrician, are adding purposefulness to the backsliding that began in the last years of the reformers' administration.

In his first six months, Church has resurrected many of the practices that the reformers had originally fought to do away with. He has, for example, kissed and made up with the big coal companies whose hard-line positions, in part, helped drive reform president Arnold Miller into retirement.

He has also used the union-owned National Bank of Washington in inappropriate and unsound ways, according to stories in *The Baltimore Sun* of May 19 and 20, by appointing Baltimore and Washington cronies to the bank's board of directors. Millions of dollars of questionable loans have been allegedly made to these insiders and their friends, and on a large portion of them the borrowers have defaulted. Several loans—one for $4.8 million to a Maryland racetrack whose owners were under indictment—involved "finder's fees" that sources close to *The Sun*'s investigation say found their way back to union-connected middlemen. These reports dredge up bitter memories for many in the coal fields.

A decade ago, dying was a way of life in the

(Continued on Page 656)

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LETTERS.

"BEST MAN" OPINIONS

San Francisco

The statements in recent issues of *The Nation* concerning both John Anderson ["Symposium: The Anderson Candidacy," May 17] and the Citizens' Party [Derek Shearer, "Wrong Time, Wrong Race" and Richard J. Walton, "Now Is the Time," both May 10] left out a number of important points. While a few of the writers mentioned the startling similarity between the programs of Carter in 1976 and Anderson in 1980, none mentioned that if elected, Anderson would likely have relatively little support or influence in Congress, having repudiated (even if temporarily) his own party and defeated another.

As to the Citizens' Party, Shearer writes well but thinks poorly. His argument for building a party from the grass-roots local politics level up neglects the rather crucial fact that the most important issues of the day—energy, war hysteria and our decaying economy—are essentially issues that must be addressed (or a framework created) at the national level. His proposal that the Progressive Alliance and Conference on Alternative State and Local Policies (both of which he is associated with) form a coalition with other national organizations to elect state and local candidates neglects the political impotence of these groups.

Finally, while I do not wish to minimize the worry that most reasoned persons feel over a Reagan Presidency, we should not forget that he would still be facing a Democratic Congress which would probably temper at least his worst domestic instincts. Depending on the polls and my final guess about the foreign policy differences between Carter and Reagan, I plan to *invest* my vote in the Citizens' Party, rather than waste it on Anderson, Carter or Reagan. *Michael Kieschnick*

Brooklyn, N.Y.

The best candidate for President in 1980 is Jimmy Carter. . . . The overriding issue for the world—hence for America, for peace and for global justice—is our relations with the Third World. On that count Carter has been and is America's champion statesman, to wit:

He had the vision and the fortitude to complete the Panama Canal Treaty. . . .

He defied the Taiwan lobby and opened up normal dealings with the heart of the Third World, China.

With the help of Andrew Young, Zbigniew Brzezinski and Cyrus Vance, he held Congress back from lifting the Rhodesian embargo and forced Margaret Thatcher to inaugurate the negotiations, cease-fire and elections that created majority rule in Zimbabwe.

By his selective campaigning for human rights he has helped topple the former Shah of Iran, has increased pressure on racist South Africa and is responsible for stirrings all over the globe toward relaxation of repression. . . .

One could cite many more accomplishments in this respect. There is a fine domestic record which Carter chalked up despite the mess he inherited from his precedessors and from Congress. . . . But above all, he has had to carry on under a constant sniping barrage from the self-styled progressive-liberal-radical establishment who have a nostalgic yearning for the good old days of the class struggle. . . .

Well, a lot of former "good guys," such as in the American unions, have become fat cats and do not give a damn about pollution, the dangers of war, the plight of the American poor, the majority of humanity in the Third World, the continued genocide of our Natives, the slow progress for blacks. . . . A lot of "good guys" have become apologists for Russia and its oppression. . . .

When you look at the present historical junction, you know that the essential things are not to keep the American labor aristocracy in the style to which we have become accustomed . . . but to close the gap between our victims—the Third World people—and the affluent North. And the "best man" for that is the President, who will not have to run in 1984 for re-election.

Maurice Forge

DOCTRINAIRE ISOLATION

Murfreesboro, Tenn.

Your symposium on "The Anderson Candidacy" is a perfect example of how isolated from today's realities a small group of doctrinaire New York "liberals" can be. Only Aryeh Neier and James Storrow exhibited a semblance of common sense devoid of bias.

Paul W. Ferris

NUCLEAR CASE PENDING

Lancaster, Pa.

I appreciated the article "After T.M.I.—A Meltdown of Trust" by McKinley C. Olson [*The Nation*, April 19]. I am one of the many residents of Central Pennsylvania working for a safe cleanup of the nuclear accident and for the permanent shutdown of T.M.I.

Olson details the problem of the contaminated radioactive water which the utility company intends to discharge into the Susquehanna River. He states that the City of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, has filed a suit to prevent this discharge of radioactivity into its drinking water supply. The city has already reached an out-of-court settlement with the Nuclear Regulatory Commission and has dropped all legal actions. The settlement reached by the city is totally inadequate since it does not in fact prohibit the eventual discharge of the water into the Susquehanna.

There is only one current legal action to prevent the discharge of the water: *Susquehanna Valley Alliance* v. *Three Mile Island Nuclear Reactor.* This suit is due to be heard before the U.S. District Court in Harrisburg later this spring.

Susquehanna Valley Alliance is a safe-energy citizens group based in Lancaster. We believe that this case will be a landmark in legal decisions concerning nuclear power, the environment and the intentional exposure of citizens to ionizing radiation.

We would welcome inquiries from readers of *The Nation* who may have an interest in this case. *Ronald Davis*

Susquehanna Valley Alliance
P.O. Box 1012
Lancaster, Pa. 17604

PORTUGUESE NAIVETE

Medford, Mass.

Before the April 25, 1974, coup in Portugal, the American press obfuscated conditions under the Antônio de Oliveira Salazar dictatorship by subjecting us to sentimental portrayals of the lyrically melancholy Portuguese who were so friendly to tourists and so uncritical of their benevolent and paternalistic regime. Then, *The Nation* was an exception, and did not project the very image of stability and social peace

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EDITORIALS.

Miami 1980

What is one to say about a 1980s urban riot that hasn't already been said about all the riots that shook the nation in the 1960s? The first thing is that the Miami riot was, in fact, different from those of the 1960s. People in Miami, both black and white, agree that there were some rioters who actually seemed intent on killing people. There were people who couldn't get too exercised about riots in the 1960s because they saw the burnings and the lootings as at least semilegitimate responses to unalleviated and virtually unnoted oppression.

However valid that view may have been then, there is no way to condone murder, mutilation and beatings. If the main reason to fight racism and its effects is reverence for every human life, that same reverence must give birth to an abhorrence of random murder and the casual brutalization of human beings. If the all-white jury in Tampa that acquitted four policemen for the brutal murder of a black had been animated by a reasonable concern for life, the first of the 1980s riots might not have occurred in Miami.

And there is another difference. This is, after all, 1980, a long way from the 1960s. And, in between, there has been less and less in the papers, on television or in the Congress about the plight of poor blacks in the cities. But on Monday night after the riot weekend, the evening news shows devoted a third of their time to Miami. The *MacNeil-Lehrer Report* was about Miami, and CBS ran a half-hour special on it at 11:30. Poor blacks haven't received so much attention since George Jackson was shot in the head in the yard at San Quentin nine years ago.

On all of the shows that Monday night they were asking the same questions: What is wrong? Why are people so angry? What should be done? Those are not new questions nor are they questions without answers. They are simply questions that, until the rioting, had no life over most of

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the last decade, because there were very few minds interested in asking them.

Twelve years ago, the Kerner Commission gave us about as comprehensive a set of answers as we are ever likely to get. Nevertheless, others have continued to give answers. Every January, the National Urban League tells us about the Sad State of Black America. The Children's Defense Fund tells us that a staggering 41.6 percent of black children under 18 are growing up in poverty. The Federal Community Relations Service reveals that the most serious problem it now faces is excessive use of police force against minorities. The Department of Labor informs us regularly that the black unemployment rate is twice that of whites and that the rate for black youths is off the charts. But since very few were asking, very few were listening when the answers were given.

Now, in the wake of Miami, President Carter says that "violence can contribute nothing to the resolution of problems or alleviation of grievances." Unfortunately, he is flat wrong. People are listening and asking questions again. If they ask long enough, they may just get back to the Kerner answer: that the problems of racism and the plight of poor blacks are central to the American condition and powerful efforts to relieve the acute human and civic distress that the country now suffers are essential in the coming decades.

The lesson of the Miami riot is that the recrudescence of American racism in the 1970s with an attendant neglect of the black poor was both cruel and dangerous. One black woman in Miami put it well when she said, "We have been made nonentities, non-human beings. When you're a non-human being, you become an animal." Miami teaches us that when poor blacks are ignored, violence in some form, though highly undesirable, becomes inevitable.

The License Pipe

Under a new regulation published on May 2 by the Carter Administration, Americans may no longer purchase books or subscribe to periodicals from Iran unless they obtain a special Government license. The regulation is silent about the criteria for granting licenses. And, even if you get a license, there is a catch. You must pay for any publication you purchase into an account in a domestic bank where Iranian assets are frozen. Too bad if that causes any difficulty.

Licensing of publications had a vogue in England in the seventeenth century. Denouncing the practice in a famous speech to Parliament in 1644, John Milton said that licensing censured the English as "a giddy, vicious, and ungrounded people; in such a sick and weak state of faith and discretion, as to be able to take nothing down but through the pipe of a licenser." Is that the way the Carter Administration feels about Americans?

In case you haven't kept score, we recapitulate: since the seizure of the hostages, President Carter has interfered with the liberties of Americans by prohibiting all demonstrations about Iran in Washington, D.C. (overturned by the courts except as to demonstrations in the vicinity of the White House); selectively deporting Iranian students because of their national origin; prohibiting travel to Iran; calling on American news media to reduce their reporting from Iran and threatening to prohibit reporting from Iran; threatening Americans if they engage in "transactions" with foreigners about the hostages, and now, licensing. Watch this space for reports on further developments.

Matters of State

As Secretary of State, Edmund Muskie is off to as good a start as could be expected. In Vienna, where he had that three-hour chat with the man who has a twenty-three-year advantage over him in superpower ministerial-level confrontations, he did quite the right thing in facing old Andrei Gromyko alone while the hovering emissaries of Zbigniew Brzezinski and Harold Brown cooled their heels outside. By that simple act of exclusion, Muskie did something important to reestablish the primacy of the State Department in the setting and execution of American foreign policy.

There is, of course, no sign of a germinating Muskie Doctrine, nor will or should there be. Presidents have lately been in the doctrine business in a hollow way; a Secretary of State is in a position to be more serious about the nation's foreign involvements. But if ever a Secretary of State could impose a set of policies on a President, in agreement or in opposition, that person is Muskie, for the simple reason that it would be politically fatal to Carter to lose a second Secretary of State.

All this implies that much needs to be changed in American foreign policy and that Muskie believes this to be so. The first proposition is a certainty, the second a hope. The hope becomes a bit more than pious if one considers the natural and institutional dignity Muskie brings to the senior Cabinet office from his twenty-two years in the Senate. He does not seem like the kind of man to risk all that by becoming a loser in the struggles with the Pentagon and the "national security" apparatus at the White House.

In a better world than this, one might look hopefully to Cyrus Vance's scheduled speech at Harvard University's commencement as an occasion for liberated reflections pointing to a new and inspiriting direction for American foreign policy. If Vance had the sort of vision that inspired George Marshall in 1947 to make his imaginative proposal to restore ravaged Europe, it was not signally evident when he was Muskie's predecessor in the Carter Cabinet. Vance was too loyal and self-effacing for that, and he believed too much in an orderly process of foreign policy formulation and execution that has, unfortunately, broken down.

It has been destroyed by a succession of Presidents who created and then managed crises which, they pretended, could only be dealt with "at the highest level." That required the roster of Presidential crisis-managers running

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from McGeorge Bundy, Walt Rostow and Henry Kissinger to their caricature in Brzezinski. The effect was to institutionalize crisis and therefore to politicize it. From that, there flowed the jerkiness of American policy abroad which has acquired under Carter an almost spastic quality, the most striking recent examples being the handling of Iran and the hostages and now Cuba and the refugees.

One can at least hope that Vance's address at Harvard could propound a set of ideas that would be in harmony with the attitudes of his successor and that would suggest a stable and civilized continuity in the objectives of our foreign policy. The statement we envisage would propose that a trillion dollars for "defense" in the next five years is not a solution but a large part of the problem. It would demand the restoration of the East-West dialogue with or without the sales slogan of "détente." It would restore arms control, if not disarmament, to a central role in our own drama of "national security." And it would replace the lofty fantasies of geopolitics with the everyday detail of decent and respectful relations with the developing world, starting with Cuba.

Such a set of policies sounds bold only because it is not what now exists. It is what a working Department of State should be formulating and administering. Vance could advance it. Muskie could execute it. Carter would have to accept it.

H.E.W. Line

Government regulation of Soviet scientists has justifiably attracted much criticism in the United States. But after learning of the chilling proposals by the Department of Health, Education and Welfare (now the Department of Education and the Department of Health and Human Services) for the regulation of university-based social research, we are compelled to say that criticism begins at home.

The regulations require all universities receiving H.E.W. funds to establish Institutional Review Boards to screen all social research, whether funded by H.E.W. or not, that involves any kind of contact with human beings. Such boards are explicitly charged with deciding whether methods "appropriate to the objectives of the research and the field of study" are being used. Without what the regulations describe as "prior and continuing review and approval by an Institutional Review Board," the research may not be performed. Backing up this sweeping assertion of imperial prerogative is a potent threat: the possible loss of H.E.W. funds for other research at the institution.

The proposed regulations have been published in the *Federal Register* and are now undergoing final revision. But existing regulations mandating review boards for all H.E.W.-sponsored research have been interpreted by many universities as applying to social research across the board, with sometimes devastating effect. H.E.W. internal memorandums state quite frankly that universities will use the review boards to kill politically sensitive research. At several universities, controversies have flared over commonplace research designs, with one university even trying to use the board to cripple a student-initiated survey of teaching performance.

No one can quarrel with H.E.W.'s concern that medical and psychological research on human subjects should be strictly supervised and "informed consent" rules be rigidly observed. But in failing to distinguish between medical injections or LSD experiments and survey research or interview procedures customary in the social sciences, the proposed guidelines mark a truly terrifying extension of Federal power in American life. It is outrageous that scholars should need prior approval from their universities for interviews with bankers or government officials.

Attempts to correct this scandal are coming to a head in the next few weeks. Key members of the House of Representatives are preparing measures aimed at restricting H.E.W.'s authority to mandate boards to review the research it itself sponsors. We hope that Congress will signal clearly to H.E.W. that its proposals for the supervision of social research are utterly unacceptable.

Sham Conservation

Fred J. Cook's story about the legal and Congressional challenges to the proposed 10-cent-a-gallon "conservation fee" on gasoline (page 648) prompts reflections about this Administration's and this Congress's inability to come up with any sort of comprehensive energy-conservation policy. Instead, we continue to have conservation by inflation and conservation by recession—which (along with a mild winter) have succeeded in curtailing energy use.

And now we see the probable demise (if Congress overrides the President's promised veto) of an effort at conservation by price, which would have saved little gas and fallen most heavily on the politically silent, and which was unalleviated by any sort of rebate. It was another example of what John Kenneth Galbraith, speaking of the Administration's current anti-inflation policies, calls the "continued search for painless therapy"—the kind "that arouses the least influential line of protest."

John Anderson's proposals at least show more realism, effectiveness and equity. But why conservation by price at all? Why not rationing? Why not encourage mass-transport use by diverting gas-tax revenues into financing nationwide no-fare riding, as proposed by Utah State Representative Samuel Taylor? Why not a National Oil Corporation to control oil imports? Why not honest Environmental Protection Agency gas-mileage standards for new cars? Why not, in short, real conservation instead of piecemeal, painless, politically palatable nostrums?

COMING UP. Dagmaris Cabezas on Cuban exile politics; Peter Winn on Cuba's problems. . . . Carey McWilliams's column will resume shortly.

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ARTICLES.

THE MIDDLE EAST

Off Limits for Superpowers

O. EDMUND CLUBB

In the Carter Administration's strategic view, there is an "arc of crisis" that sweeps from the Middle East through the Indian Ocean into East Asia. And such events as the fall of the Shah, the seizure of American hostages in the U.S. Embassy in Teheran and the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan testify to a fundamental instability at the western terminus of that "arc," which happens to constitute a major source of the world's petroleum supply. With the Soviet action in particular, Washington was prompt to perceive a major "crisis," and in his State of the Union Message of January 23, President Jimmy Carter proclaimed a new doctrine which, designed to protect American "vital interests" worldwide, provided more specifically that the United States will repel "by any means necessary, including military force," an attempt by "any outside force" (read the U.S.S.R.) to gain control of the Persian Gulf region.

In proclaiming his new doctrine, President Carter touched on the need for "collective efforts" in the Middle East and professed an American readiness "to work with other countries in the region to share a cooperative security framework that respects differing values and political beliefs." A few days later, the President conceded that the United States could not alone protect Persian Gulf oil supplies; it was necessary to knit military ties with Persian Gulf states *and* coordinate efforts "with nations who are not located in the region but are heavily dependent, even more than we, on oil from that region." That is, North Atlantic Treaty Organization members, and Japan too, were invited to participate in one way or another. In effect, there was to be the resurrection of a modified Central Treaty Organization, with broadened participation, in support of an American interventionist policy.

But the part of the world at which the simplistic doctrine is aimed is in the grip of clashing nationalistic forces that are stronger than fears of some hypothetical Soviet invasion that threatens American oil supplies. The seven years that have elapsed since the Yom Kippur War of 1973 have witnessed a massive change in the attitudes of Moslem countries of the Middle East: they have found a new power and a new sense of independence from outside dominion. In these circumstances, several important Arab countries were critical of the new American doctrine. Kuwaiti Minister of State for Foreign Affairs Abdul Aziz Hussein reacted to President Carter's pronouncement by declaring, on January 25, "The people of this region are perfectly capable of preserving their own security and stability." The Iraqi Foreign Minister charged that the United States was "trying to justify and pave the way for a military interference in several countries of the world, particularly the Arabian Gulf." Arab press reaction was similarly unfavorable.

The Islamic conference of foreign ministers held in Islamabad at the end of January produced a new consensus. It adopted a resolution roundly condemning the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan as "a flagrant violation of international laws, covenants, and norms"; but, significantly, that same resolution voiced concern with respect to the "increased recourse to military intervention and interference in the internal affairs of states, particularly the Islamic states," and expressed the determination of the governments and peoples of the member Moslem states "to reject all forms and types of foreign occupation and expansion and the race for spheres of influence."

The Islamic community—most of the Third World, in fact—now rejects great-power interventionism. The United States rode a strong historical tide in getting United Nations condemnation of the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan; it defies that same historical trend in mounting a strategy of military intervention aimed at the Middle East. As demonstrated by current developments, it cannot mobilize backing among the major Moslem powers for the undertaking. At the end of March, it agreed to provide some $450 million in military and economic aid this year to Turkey, and thus achieved a modest reconciliation with that NATO ally. But, by the agreement, all Turkish installations and communications centers used by the Americans are to remain under Turkish command and Turkish military installations are to be used by the United States "only within the NATO framework." Turkey, for one, will not be a component of the Carter Doctrine's Middle East "cooperative security framework."

Nor has it been easy to find components closer to the Persian Gulf. Given the circumstance that Pakistan borders on Soviet-occupied Afghanistan, Washington was patently confident of getting a favorable reception for its offer of $400 million in military and economic aid over a two-year period to Gen. Zia ul-Haq's unsteady dictatorship; but on March 5, the Pakistani Foreign Minister formally announced that "the acceptance of the U.S. offer, *unless substantially modified*, would detract from rather than enhance our security." (Emphasis added.) His meaning was clear enough: for Pakistan to align itself with the United States involved substantial political risks—meriting, if there was to be any deal, a substantially greater reward.

With Iran openly hostile, Saudi Arabia and Jordan

O. Edmund Clubb was a United States Foreign Service officer from 1928 to 1952, serving in China, Indochina and the Soviet Far East. He is the author of Twentieth-Century China; China and Russia: The "Great Game" *and* The Witness and I *(all Columbia University Press).*

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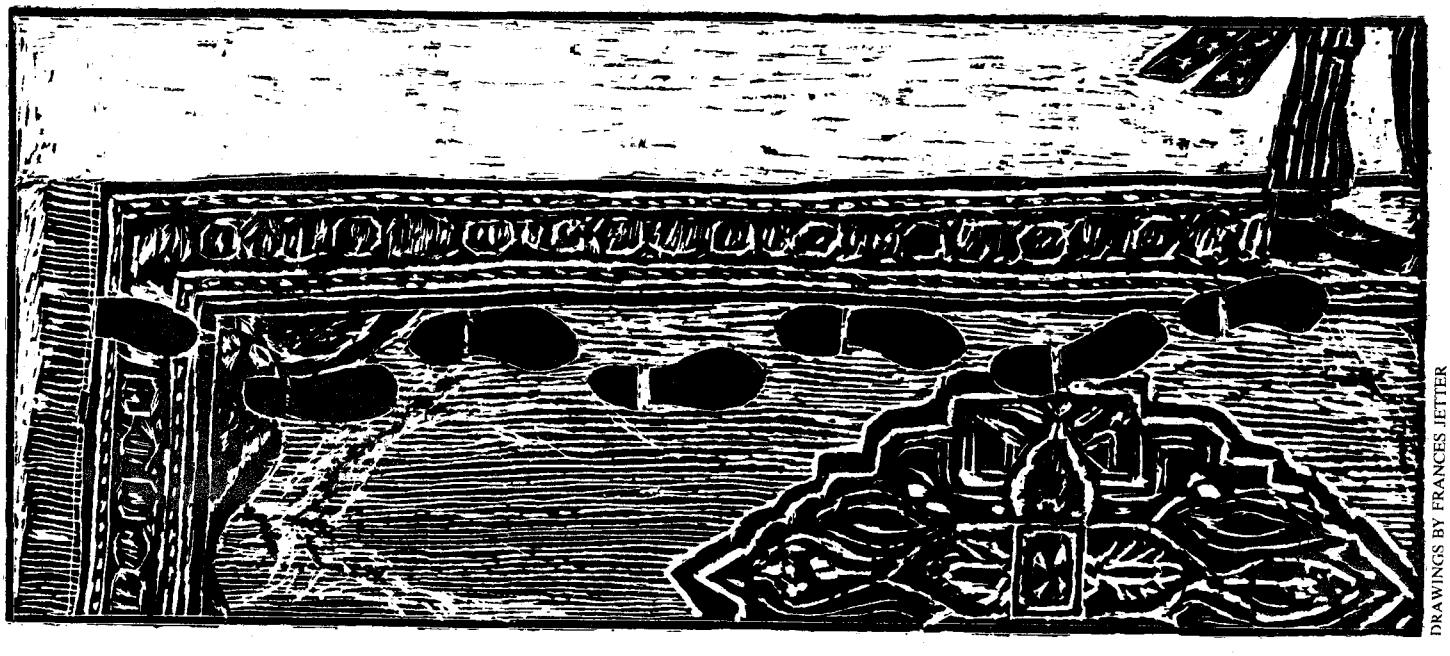
beyond American reach and Pakistan finally shown disdainful of the American aid package, Washington fixed prime attention on Kenya, Oman and Somalia as likely candidates for American largess. On April 21, it was reported that the United States had reached agreements with Oman and Kenya by virtue of which those two countries would receive $100 million and about $50 million, respectively, in military and economic aid over the next two years; but agreements governing American troop access to those two countries were still lacking. And Somalia has still not been enlisted for the American enterprise: it is reported to have asked for $2 billion in military and economic aid—and for American support in its continuing conflict with Ethiopia over the Ethiopian province of Ogaden. In sum, those three minor Middle East states ask a lot and offer very little. Their political thinking seems to echo the Pakistani response regarding relations with an unpopular superpower.

Nor can the United States count on its NATO allies to help prop up the "cooperative security framework." Washington proclaimed its new confrontationist doctrine without prior coordination of strategy with those allies, seemingly confident that they would automatically follow American "leadership" into a hard-line political posture and economic warfare against Iran and the Soviet Union. But West European countries are not to be easily led into actions that they judge to be contrary to their own prime national interests. They still have a vital concern for détente, especially in light of the apparent demise of SALT II; further, with economic distress deepening in the industrialized West, the European Economic Community countries and Japan continue to regard *their* trade with the U.S.S.R. as something not recklessly to be sacrificed to the operations of an erratic American policy. In 1979, West Germany, France and Japan all recorded substantial gains in their trade with the Soviet Union. This year, given Washington's embargo on sales of grain and technology to the U.S.S.R., there will be enhanced opportunities in the Soviet market for others; and some of America's E.E.C. trading partners will experience a natural urge to exploit such opportunities in service of their own "vital interests."

Our closest allies have for some time held views notably different from ours with regard to Middle East countries generally; today the position of some leading West European countries is in the process of evolution on a critical political issue, and this development threatens to make the divergence of views even more pronounced. Several governments, noting with the passage of time how little practical significance Washington attaches to its approval of U.N. Resolution 242 calling for Israeli withdrawal from occupied Arab lands, are now embarking upon policy lines that bring them closer to the Arab, and Palestinian, position.

The lead has been taken by French President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, who in early March made a ten-day tour of the Middle East that included visits to Kuwait, Jordan and Saudi Arabia. On March 12, after President Giscard d'Estaing had returned to Paris and reported on his Middle East tour, the French Government issued a communiqué which, while asserting the right of Israel "to live in peace within sure, recognized and guaranteed frontiers, which implies Israeli withdrawal from Arab territories occupied since 1967," also declared that "the Palestinian people . . . should be able to exercise its right to self-determination within the framework of peaceful settlement." West German Foreign Minister Hans-Dietrich Genscher, who himself paid a visit to Cairo in early March, had likewise voiced, in a newspaper interview, support for the idea of Palestinian self-determination. Ireland and the Netherlands have taken similar stands. And in the United Nations, where President Carter's repudiation of the American delegate's affirmative vote on the Security Council resolution condemning the Israeli settlement policy in occupied territories created wide dismay, a move is now afoot to amend Security Council Resolution 242 by (*1*) reaffirming the right of Middle East countries to exist within secure recognized boundaries and (*2*) recognizing the Palestinian people's right of self-determination. Events are moving in favor of the Palestinians.



DRAWINGS BY FRANCES JETTER

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There is no solution possible within the Egyptian-Israeli-American triangle that would satisfy the strengthened Palestinian resolve, now buttressed by growing external support, to exercise true self-determination. No salvation is to be found in any continuing trilateral negotiations between Egypt, Israel and the United States in search of a formula to confer a fig-leaf "autonomy" on the Palestinians—conditions in the Middle East have changed. And prominent NATO allies of the United States quite evidently feel that, by the May 26 deadline, there had been ample time for the Camp David accord and the Egyptian-Israeli treaty to produce progress with respect to the Palestinian future. It would appear that even President Anwar el-Sadat may be found in agreement with this. Time has run out for the United States on the Palestinian issue.

It is in the context of the invigorated Moslem will to be free of great-power machinations, and of the Arab-Israeli dispute, that the Carter Doctrine must finally be weighed. To date, the doctrine has acted to consolidate Moslem unity against American interventionism in the Middle East and, given policy differences, has incidentally introduced new strains into U.S. relations with important West European allies. Putting the matter in other terms, the doctrine, in particular application to the Middle East, has thus far failed to show either major profit or much progress. To all indications, when and if any American-style "cooperative security framework" might take form in the Middle East, it will be characterized by minimal cooperation and provide little if any added security. □

THE 10-CENT GAS HIKE

Behind the Great D.O.E. Stonewall

FRED J. COOK

President Carter's effort to increase the price of gasoline on May 15 was stymied in the courts, temporarily at least, by U.S. Federal District Judge Aubrey Robinson Jr. after provoking the most bitter contest with Congress over executive privilege since Richard Nixon tried to withhold the Watergate tapes. Judge Robinson upheld a challenge by a coalition of Congressmen, consumer groups and gasoline retailers to the President's power to impose a 10-cent-a-gallon gasoline "fee." The White House promptly appealed his decision, amid mounting opposition to the tax in Congress. When the President announced his intention to veto any Congressional measures repealing the fee, the executive and legislative branches were placed on a collision course.

On May 14, two committees in the House and Senate passed resolutions opposing the at-the-pump price hike, but a preliminary skirmish had broken out two weeks earlier in a House subcommittee, which resulted in a Presidential emissary—Secretary of Energy Charles Duncan—being cited for contempt of Congress by the House Subcommittee on Environment, Energy and Natural Resources. The committee's probe eventually elicited evidence that the President's program had been ill-conceived from the start.

The gasoline price increase was ordered by President Carter in an April 2 proclamation. It passed on to the American consumer the $4.62-a-barrel oil import fee he had placed in effect March 15. Billed by the President as a conservation measure, the fee was expected to produce $10.3 billion in revenues, which would help to balance the budget—and add perhaps a full percentage point to the rate of inflation. Congressional critics charged that the 10-cent-a-gallon gasoline fee was a tax that the President had no authority to impose. Under the Constitution, only the House has the power to tax, and five different bills were quickly introduced in that body in an effort to prevent the May 15 gasoline increase. Hearings on these bills produced a weeks-long exhibition of stonewalling by the Administration and stalled Congressional action before the May 15 deadline.

Representative Toby Moffett, Connecticut Democrat and chairman of the House subcommittee on energy, has been a leader in the fight in Congress and in the Federal District Court suit to quash the gasoline hike. Moffett and his Congressional associates received enough sub rosa information to make them interested in the following possibilities:

§ The President acted despite legal opinions within the Department of Energy itself casting doubt upon his constitutional authority to impose the fee.

§ D.O.E. officials were at least divided in their opinions about the practicability of imposing and policing the 10-cent increase.

§ Though the President has insisted that the additional fee (or tax) would be imposed on gasoline alone, many internal Energy Department memorandums suggested that the oil companies would be free to increase all petroleum prices across the board, escalating the costs of home-heating oil and diesel fuel.

When Moffett's subcommittee tried to obtain the D.O.E. documents that would prove or disprove these charges, the executive branch roadblock was thrown up. Secretary Duncan flatly refused to surrender any of the documents. Over a period of weeks, the impasse deepened. Moffett vainly sought some basis of accommodation with the Administration, but all he could obtain was a list of the memorandums supposedly involved in the decision-making process. Secretary Duncan balked at permitting Congressmen to have even a peek at the documents themselves.

Its patience exhausted, Moffett's subcommittee subpoenaed Secretary Duncan to appear before it on April 29—with the documents. Then Lloyd Cutler, counsel to the Pres-

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ident, got into the act. He attempted to get the House subcommittee's staff to agree in advance to forgo their demand for some of the documents. Failing in this effort, the Administration switched tactics. Lynn Coleman, the D.O.E.'s general counsel and a former law partner of John Connally in a firm representing many big oil interests, suggested letting Moffett and the ranking minority member of his committee "view" the documents "with the understanding . . . you will preserve the confidentiality of their contents." Under this arrangement the Moffett committee would have still been hamstrung. The committee as a whole and its staff experts would have had no opportunity to study the documents—and Moffett couldn't have made any public use of them, no matter what he discovered. Declaring that "the Department of Energy and White House officials have been absolutely intransigent," Moffett went ahead with the April 29 hearing.

Secretary Duncan duly appeared, accompanied by two Justice Department lawyers. The Secretary is a huskily built man who looks like a football guard gone a bit to fat; his legal advisers were, in contrast, pale wraiths who appeared to be trying to melt into the background. In a replay of former President Nixon's argument in the Watergate case, Duncan contended that the President and his advisers must have a free interchange of ideas without being subjected to the hazard of prying noses. Therefore, he said, "I must decline to turn over the documents, and I do not have them with me at this time."

Moffett shot back: "The only issue at hand is your compliance with this subpoena. . . . Is there any claim of executive privilege?"

Duncan weaved and dodged, at times in an almost inaudible voice, trying to avoid saying he was relying on executive privilege. Moffett demanded a "yes or no" answer. Duncan began a reply: "We have given you—" Moffett banged his gavel almost hard enough to shatter it. "Yes or no, Mr. Secretary!"

Duncan still dodged. The issue went back and forth like a shuttlecock. Moffett took up the list of memorandums that presumably had gone into the pricing decision. He began to read off the names of the authors, asking Duncan questions about them. It led to one of the Secretary's most embarrassing moments. One memorandum had been written by Paul Bloom. Who was he? The Secretary obviously didn't know because he turned to his shadowy aides for whispered advice. Only then did he come up with the answer any attentive newspaper reader could have given: Oh, yes, Paul Bloom was the special D.O.E. counsel in charge of price enforcement. Representative Andrew Maguire, New Jersey Democrat, asked Duncan if he was familiar with Congress's oversight powers.

"No," Duncan replied.

Maguire, obviously shocked, asked: "You mean you appear before this committee without familiarizing yourself with the rules?"

"I have discussed it with the lawyers," Duncan answered faintly.

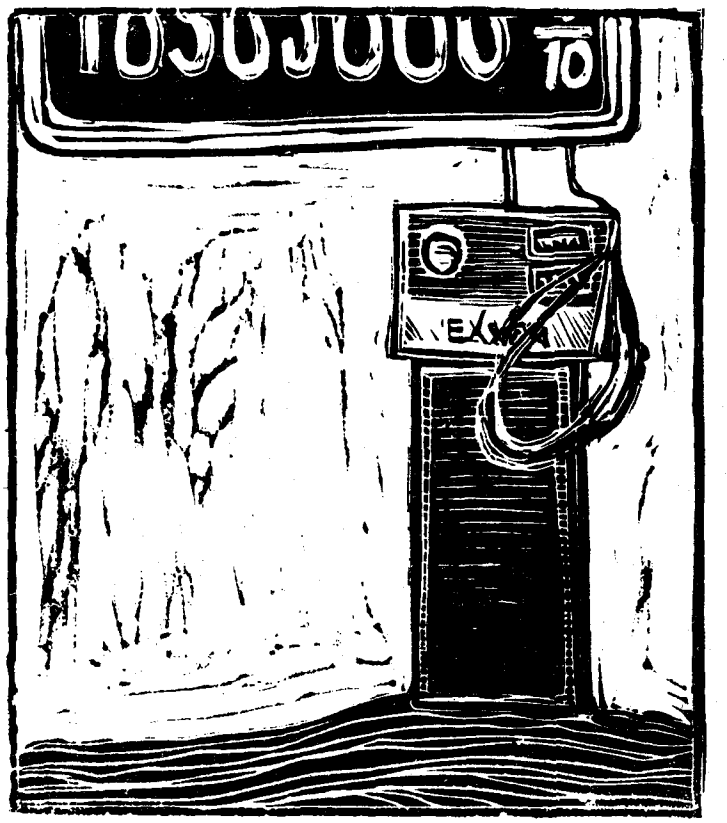
Maguire persisted. The committee needed to know, he said, the basis for Duncan's claim of executive privilege. At last, Duncan allowed the words to be extracted. "If no reasonable avenue of negotiation is open, the President has authorized me to assert *a privilege*," he said.

Maguire pounced: "I am greatly disturbed . . . Secretary Duncan is needlessly provoking a confrontation which we would be derelict not to join."

Moffett added that he deduced from all this that Duncan was "now asserting some form of executive privilege, the broadest that our attorneys have had experience with." Representative Floyd Fithian, an Indiana Democrat, got Duncan to admit that some of the internal memorandums argued against the imposition of the oil import fee. Duncan also "thought" he had heard "some difference of opinion" about whether only gasoline prices would be affected.

"I am appalled by this performance and by your refusal to produce the documents," Moffett then told the Secretary. Shortly afterward, a staff aide read the contempt citation, which the committee then approved by an 8-to-0 vote. Even Fithian, who had previously supported the Department of Energy, joined in because, he told Duncan, "You have left me with no ammunition at all."

Representative Paul (Pete) McCloskey of California, the ranking Republican member, offered a last-minute compromise. "I don't know of any issue that is more important to the American people than the price of gasoline, fuel oil or diesel oil," he said. In view of this, couldn't Secretary Duncan agree to send the memorandums over to the committee so that its members and staff could at least examine the documents in camera? Duncan said he couldn't answer that right away. He would have to confer. With whom would he



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have to confer? "The President," he replied—and the hearing room erupted in an outburst of spontaneous laughter.

In the aftermath of the hearing, McCloskey said he viewed the conflict as the most serious between Congress and the White House since Watergate. He added that of the last six Presidents of whom he has personal knowledge, only President Carter has refused to define for Congress the scope of issues on which he might claim executive privilege. "Even Nixon did that," McCloskey said, "but we can't get anything at all out of this 'open' Administration." What did he think would happen? He opined that Secretary Duncan, faced with contempt action and a possible thirty-day jail sentence, would deliver the disputed documents the next morning.

It wasn't to be that easy. The stonewalling continued. Moffett's subcommittee was to take its contempt citation before the Government Operations Committee for its approval on May 7—a necessary procedure before a vote could be taken by the full House. Only then, at the eleventh hour, did Secretary Duncan supply some of the documents. Accompanied by D.O.E. agents, who looked as if they were protecting the plans for the Iran raid, the documents were delivered to the Moffett subcommittee to be examined by committee members and staff experts. Even then, there was one conspicuous omission. The department still refused to show the committee drafts of legal opinions—which were crucial to the issue of whether the President had the authority to do what he had done.

Some of the other documents confirmed the subcommittee's suspicions. They showed that there had been, indeed, serious dissension within the department about enforcing the 10-cent-a-gallon gasoline hike. Serious doubts had also been expressed about the ability to confine the increase to gasoline. Some experts had thought that home-heating oil and diesel fuel prices might also be affected.

The confrontation between the President and Congress on the issue will probably reach a showdown when Congress puts a bill forbidding the gasoline tax on the President's desk. The President has threatened to veto any such measure, and so the real test will come when Congress attempts to override such a veto. In the meantime, the Moffett subcommittee will decide whether to proceed with a vote in the House on the contempt charges against Secretary Duncan.

Yet even if the President is balked in his 10-cent gasoline hike, the Administration has embarked on another maneuver to raise prices at the pump. The Energy Department has in the works an order that would force some of the largest oil companies to raise their prices because they have been underselling their competition.

Initially, the department focused on Standard Oil of Ohio, which owns more than 50 percent of Alaskan North Slope oil. Since Alaskan oil is now much cheaper than high-priced Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries oil, Sohio had been underselling competitors. Its unleaded gasoline was priced as low as $1.06 a gallon, and long lines formed at its pumps as motorists sought to take advantage of the cheaper prices. As a result, the D.O.E. ordered Sohio to raise its prices 10 cents a gallon, but the order had hardly been issued before it was rescinded. Carter Administration officials admitted privately that the about-face stemmed from fear of a public backlash in Ohio where, on June 3, a crucial Presidential primary will be held.

Despite this politically motivated hitch, the Energy Department remains determined to force prices up. It explains that companies benefiting from Alaskan oil holdings had originally been granted special subsidies, or entitlements, because the cost of obtaining and transporting the oil was so great. The startling escalation of OPEC prices, however, has now made Alaskan oil relatively cheap—and so given its producers an "unfair" advantage over competitors. For this reason, the department says, it is also going to order Sohio, Exxon, Arco and Chevron to raise their prices. The order wouldn't take effect until June 8—after the Presidential primaries are over, of course. And the size of the projected increase remains a mystery.

This D.O.E. price-hike maneuver was announced, ironically, right on the heels of first-quarter earnings reports that showed all the affected oil companies practically bursting at the seams with bloated profits. Exxon, whose 1979 profits had outstripped 1978 figures by 55 percent, had just thundered in with a first-quarter report showing an incredible $1.9 billion profit—a 102 percent increase over the first quarter of 1979. Sohio, whose profits had leaped 163 percent in 1979, announced 1980 first-quarter earnings 169 percent higher than 1979's first quarter. Less extreme but comparable profits were registered on Arco's and Chevron's balance sheets. The total picture seems clear. The Department of Energy's increases and Carter's 10-cent ploy are two prongs of a power play designed to drive gasoline prices to $1.50 a gallon or higher before year's end.

All of this is occurring at a time when, according to the industry's own figures, the nation is awash in the greatest volume of crude oil in its history; in a period of 18 percent runaway inflation when every increase in the price of oil adds percentage points to the cost-of-living index; in a year in which high oil prices have already plunged the mighty automobile and airline industries into deep depression; at a time when millions of average Americans, their incomes bludgeoned by deliberately inspired higher-price tactics, are struggling to cope with increased living costs or plunging (as increasing numbers of them are) into bankruptcy. Inflationary energy policies that can only help to make a bad situation worse are enough to make one wonder whether the Mad Hatter has taken over the White House. □

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JAMAICAN SHOWDOWN

Manley Fights For His Life

MICHAEL MOFFITT

"Standing firm" is a political slogan Jamaicans use to describe the attitude of people who have supported the Government of Prime Minister Michael Manley during good times and bad. Now, the depth of that support is being tested as never before, as Manley struggles to cope with a severe economic crisis while repelling the challenge of an embittered political opposition. The popular Prime Minister is scheduled to call elections later this year, but Jamaica is plagued by an unemployment rate of more than 20 percent and burdened by a huge foreign debt. The bleak picture that emerges from Jamaica today is that of a country trying to survive in a sea of economic and political difficulties.

Manley, one of the Third World's most articulate leaders, is no stranger to social and political strife. Since he launched Jamaica's drive for "democratic socialism" eight years ago, Manley has survived countless political catastrophies. In 1974, he initiated the bauxite production levy, which squeezed millions out of the multinational aluminum companies to feed and house Jamaica's poor. Because of the bauxite tax, plus Manley's support for Cuban intervention against the South African-backed factions in the Angolan civil war, the Ford Administration slapped an aid embargo on Jamaica and, by spreading lies and innuendoes about Cuban influence in Jamaica, virtually destroyed its tourist trade. In 1976, Manley weathered a violent "destabilization campaign" to win re-election by the largest margin any Prime Minister has received since independence. In 1977, however, much of Manley's left-wing support dissipated as he put the country through a series of debilitating stabilization programs sponsored by the International Monetary Fund.

Now, both his supporters and critics agree, Michael Manley faces the most difficult challenge of his political career: how to win an election in the midst of a severe economic crisis which many people, rightly or wrongly, blame on his Government's policies.

Manley's latest troubles began last December when his Government failed a crucial economic test—an adequate buildup of foreign exchange reserves—which the I.M.F. had demanded as the precondition for a $429 million loan package. The reason for the failure was not lackadaisical economic management, the Government argued, but skyrocketing global inflation, oil prices and interest rates. The fund rejected this explanation and suspended its flow of money to Jamaica. In January, a new round of talks between the fund and Jamaica broke down when the I.M.F. demanded a new program of fiscal austerity that the Government believed would put 10,000 to 11,000 people out of work. Faced with the fund's intransigence and opposition cries for a new election, Manley's Peoples National Party (P.N.P.) appointed an economic commission to study the alternatives. The commission concluded that even if the fund agreed to drop its latest demands, by the end of 1980 the Government would still be unable to pass the I.M.F.'s foreign-exchange test. Even Eric Bell, the conservative Finance Minister who favored a new I.M.F. agreement, concurred. So in mid-March, the P.N.P. Executive Council voted by more than two to one to reject a new accord with the I.M.F. Following Bell's resignation, the Cabinet approved the decision.

Predictably, Manley's domestic and foreign critics assailed his decision to break with the fund as irresponsible. Yet it is difficult to see what else he could have done. The three I.M.F. "stabilization" programs, which Jamaica undertook between July 1977 and December 1979, failed miserably. As a result of several hefty devaluations, inflation shot up to more than 40 percent. Unemployment rose as businesses, unable to afford imported raw materials, let productive facilities deteriorate and laid off workers. Budget cuts and wage controls depressed living standards. During the first year of the I.M.F. program that began in May 1978, real wages declined by 25 percent or more, according to a confidential World Bank estimate. Real per capita consumption declined by 13 percent in 1978.

Despite the political sacrifices the Government made to meet the I.M.F.'s painful requirements, the economy did not recover. The I.M.F. was also unable to deliver on another important pledge. The quid pro quo of I.M.F. stabilization programs is that when countries comply with the conditions, foreign commercial banks are supposed to be more willing to reschedule old loans and provide new credit. In Jamaica's case, they did neither. Private banks, including Chase and Citibank, refused to renegotiate approximately $650 million in payments. Politics seems to have been instrumental in the banks' decisions. As one New York banker with considerable experience in the Third World pointed out, "It's not so much Manley's social democracy we mind as the Castro thing."

"The Castro thing," presumably Manley's normalization of relations with Jamaica's closest Caribbean neighbor, plus Jamaica's outspoken nonaligned diplomacy, has also caused a stir at the State Department and the National Security Council. The Administration was particularly miffed at Manley's speech to the Conference of the Non-Aligned Countries in Havana last September. Yet the anti-Manley voices within the Administration were stifled until the resignation of former United Nations Ambassador Andrew Young. Young, who was largely responsible for Carter's openness toward Manley during 1977, killed at least one high-level anti-Manley initiative prior to his departure.

In October, the leader of the opposition, Edward Seaga, visited Washington and supplied the anti-Manley hawks with plenty of ammunition to use against the Prime Minister. Shortly after Seaga's visit, *The Miami Herald*, *The*

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Washington Post and Jack Anderson began circulating stale gossip that Manley was about to close down the opposition newspaper, *The Gleaner*, and turn Jamaica into a one-party state modeled on Castro's Cuba. In the new cold-war atmosphere of Washington, that was music to the ears of hard-liners. Manley repaired some of the damage by supporting the United States during the debates on Iran and Afghanistan in the United Nations, but since Manley's break with the I.M.F., it has become clear that the Carter Administration is rooting for Seaga.

For Jamaicans, the choice in the upcoming election is clear-cut. Manley, an aggressive Third World nationalist, believes that Jamaica's only hope for the future is a mixed economy in which the state plays a leading role and a foreign policy that places the Third World and the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries on an equal footing with Washington and London. Manley concedes that the next several years will be difficult, but stresses that when his country's sizable new bauxite and aluminum investments start producing and agricultural self-sufficiency is achieved, Jamaica will be able to overcome its foreign-exchange crisis. Seaga, who is of Lebanese extraction and spends much of his time with right-wing Cubans and Jamaicans in Florida, openly advocates a "Puerto Rican" path of development for Jamaica. To entice foreign investment, he has promised to enforce labor discipline.

The elections, tentatively scheduled for August, promise to be hard-fought and bitter. The violence that erupted in the Kingston ghettos in 1976 shows signs of flaring up again, but the lush tourist spots on the northern coast have remained peaceful. The outcome will probably hinge on people's perceptions of Jamaica's economic future. For the time being, Manley's current difficulties have given Seaga's Jamaica Labor Party a head start in the campaign. But Manley and his core of loyalists, headed by P.N.P. leader D.K. Duncan, who masterminded Manley's 1976 victory, are reaching out to each little village in every corner of the country urging Jamaicans to "stand firm" one more time. □

DECLINE OF CITIZENSHIP

Why Voters Don't Care

KIRKPATRICK SALE

For at least a generation, but demonstrably and palpably since November 22, 1963, the American public, first the fringes and then the majority, has become disillusioned with the national Government and apathetic or cynical about its efficacy.

Voting, that most basic and simplest of civic tasks, has been ingrained into us since the first grade as the very essence of our system, and the regular recurrence of national political campaigns every two years is always accompanied by well-financed and well-publicized appeals for us to go out and do it, as if this one activity were more significant than any other possible public activity. And yet every year the percentage of voters gets smaller and smaller.

Voting is as accurate a barometer as we have of the national political weather, and no one is under any illusions as to how to read it. Curtis Gans, director of the Committee for the Study of the American Electorate, declared that the 1978 Congressional elections, when only 34.5 percent of eligible voters turned out, showed "the decay of political and social institutions, most notably the political parties" and "the growing impotence felt by the citizen in the face of larger public and private institutions and increasingly complex problems." More succinctly, Arthur Hadley, the author of a book called *The Empty Polling Booth*, says: "Voters voluntarily avoid the booth because they see no connection between politics and their lives." That is an absolutely staggering statement to be made about any reputedly civilized country.

Moreover, I suspect that a lot of the people who *do* go into the booths have no great faith that what they are doing touches their lives in any important way, for as near as we can tell the infection of political cynicism is at least as great among voters as among stay-at-homes. "A decline in the credibility of legislative bodies," according to Wayne State's Louis Freidland; a "loss of confidence in the nation's leaders and institutions," according to *Newsweek*'s Meg Greenfield; "mutual distrust between government and citizens," according to Case Western Reserve's Alvin Schorr. Or, as the reformist Common Cause lobby puts it: "The reason the United States Government cannot solve our pressing problems is because the United States Government is the *problem*!"

The plain fact is that government in this country, in all its levels and its manifestations, is simply not working. But of course it isn't. It's too big. Consider the enormity of the Federal Government, its entrenched bureaucracy and its consequent and inevitable inability to either understand or respond to the needs of the ordinary citizens. But lest there be some lingering doubts—some latter-day liberals who may think that an emphasis on size is misplaced—let me offer the example of the supposedly most democratic national institution we have, the United States Congress.

Let us first put aside the textbook pieties. It is plainly impossible for a member of the House of Representatives to be *representative* of any constituency—in terms of the Burkeian imperative "to prefer their interests to his own"—since each one is supposed to have a district of approximately 465,000 people and it would take about twenty years just to find out what these constituents wanted, even if one worked ten hours a day every day of the year. (For Senators the time would be anywhere from twenty years to—in the case of California, allowing ten minutes per constituent—192

Kirkpatrick Sale is the author of Human Scale, *to be published in June by Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, from which this excerpt has been taken. His previous books include* SDS *and* Power Shift *(both Random House).*

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years.) But it is also plainly impossible for a member of Congress to live up to the other Burkeian charge—"your representative owes you not his industry only, but his judgment"—because the magnitude of the task is beyond any human capacity. In the 1977-78 session, 22,313 separate bills and resolutions were presented to the two houses, and if they were all to be considered, none could get more than a single hour's contemplation even if the members were to meet twenty-four hours a day for the full two-year term. Perhaps some of those were unimportant, but 3,211 of them at least were considered of sufficient magnitude to be passed by one or both houses. So, assuming that Congress were in session six days a week for two years and spent every single working day devoted to nothing but those important bills, the maximum amount of time any one could get—including study, committee and subcommittee examination, hearings, committee amendments, floor amendments, parliamentary maneuvering, lobbying, voting, assignment to conference, debate and final enactment—would be slightly under two and a half hours. That is hardly enough time for proper consideration of whether to expand the Federal white-pine blister-rust-protection program, much less make any intelligent headway with the ordinary tax bill, 200 pages long and confusing enough to cross an owl's eyes.

But of course our representatives do not have a full working day six days a week to devote simply to the mass of legislation. They must also travel back to their home districts, read and answer at least some of the great volume of mail, greet constituents both big and small, attend meetings of regional, party and special-interest caucuses, keep contacts with other legislators and Federal bureaucrats, oversee both personal and committee staffs (which averaged thirty-five people per representative in 1979), run periodic election campaigns and presumably gather information for and have a hand in drafting the new bills—an average of forty-two per member—that are introduced each session. Small wonder that one legislator has confessed:

> We are losing control of what we are doing here. There isn't enough time in a day to keep abreast of everything we should know to legislate responsibly, dealing with so many bills, having to attend so many committee and subcommittee meetings, listening to lobbyists, having to worry about problems of constituents, and, of course, keeping a close eye on politics back home.

Smaller wonder still that one study of how Congress actually spends its time found that, on average, each member was scheduled to be in at least two places at once for a third of each day and had, at most, eleven minutes a day for *thinking*.

The result of all this is twofold. On the one hand, a great number of bills are enacted—some with quite sweeping effect, but all, given the pervasiveness of the Federal presence, of some consequence—without any thought or consideration whatsoever beyond the impulses of the original drafter, and many times even *that* has been lost in the legislative maze. The end-of-term Capitol Hill sessions are famous for this, sometimes churning out three dozen or more bills, each with a Christmas-tree full of amendments, in the space of twenty-four hours. But ordinary week-in-week-out sessions are very much the same, if less hectic. Washington reporter Elizabeth Drew, asking reactions in the House one ordinary May Monday a few years ago, found several Congresspeople willing to say, "Of course I don't know what I'm voting on" and words to that effect. Ned Patterson, a New York Democrat, confessed, "This is a symptom of the incredible overload that we deal with every day. There's no way that a member of this body can honestly say that he fully understands what he's voting on." He described how he went in to a routine vote with the House's new card-operated computer system: "As I stuck my card in, I asked the guy in front of me how he had just voted. He said, 'Yes.' I asked him, 'What's it about?' He said, 'Damned if I know.' " And, speaking particularly about the House's special method of "suspension"—voting with limited debate and without amendments—veteran Representative Morris Udall told Drew:

> There's no logic to why these votes go the way they do. There's a momentum that starts. Some bills will go roaring through, and on other days if some start to get in trouble they'll go down. Members are always looking for an excuse to vote no, and so if they see that one of these bills is going down, everybody jumps to join the pack.

On the other hand, a great many bills are *not* enacted, and on matters that would seem to be of high seriousness for the Republic. The sight of Congressional dithering on issues the public declares itself as finding important—taxes, energy, defense, inflation, welfare reform, medical insurance, regulation—is so commonplace now that popular approval falls regularly with each annual Gallup poll, only 19 percent of the public in 1979 declaring any confidence in the U.S. Congress. And the sight of Congressional ineptitude in the face

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of the major crises that have confronted our times—Vietnam, Watergate, nuclear power, Central Intelligence Agency and Federal Bureau of Investigation illegalities, Presidential abuse of power, invasion of privacy—is so recurrent that it is not surprising to find a majority of the public agreeing with former Congressman Michael J. Harrington—whose resignation in 1978 typified the sorry mess—that "Congress is irrelevant." Take the energy issue. After the first "crisis" in 1973, Congress dithered and slithered, devising nothing at all, and when finally prodded by a Carter energy proposal in early 1977, it managed to spend the next two years fumbling and stumbling before coming up with a bill that changed almost nothing except a few restrictions that the oil companies didn't like, ignored solar and alternative fuels, and addressed itself to *none* of the substantive matters—the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries, oil company profits, decontrol, rationing, divestiture, nationalization—that might have had some effect on the nation's energy problem. Five months later the nation was in the grip of another gasoline shortage, worse than before.

But in truth the malaise goes deeper than this: the failure of Congress is not so much the cause as the symptom of the distress in the body politic.

The crucial fact—the never-spoken, ever-present truth—is that Americans have given up their citizenship.

Citizenship—the act, the right, of participating in public affairs, of making the decisions that affect one's life, of having a continual voice in civic matters, of exercising regular judgment on the daily business of the state—has been sacrificed in return for the right to vote, the right to find someone *else* to participate, the right to reaffirm every other November the loss of participation in public life. In past times when it was the locality that controlled daily affairs, the American adult participated in politics, joined civic groups, stood for office, took battles to the city legislature and problems to the city hall, met and thrashed things out in town meetings and ward assemblies from coast to coast. But that has changed. Today, the locality is merely an appendage of some larger government, most major matters are decided for us in Washington and there is virtually no way that our voices can be heard at that level in any sustained and percussive sense, no matter how many special-interest groups we may join or how many Mailgrams we send. (Indeed, as special-interest groups have begun to blossom in the last few decades, they have been treated by our representatives as dangerous, and as more citizens have written to their Congress members—a 400 percent increase in the last decade—they have been treated as an unpleasant burden and responded to with form letters signed by machines.)

Citizenship has simply evaporated in American life, leaving a residue of felt powerlessness. A President can declare a war or violate the territorial rights of 111 maritime nations all by himself and take countless secret actions at home and abroad jeopardizing millions of lives without any reference either to us or to our representatives. A Congress can decide to increase the Social Security burden by 300 percent or give a tax break to the oil companies or establish a new agency or pork-barrel a new dam, and most of us will not even hear about it until after it is done, much less have a chance to be consulted and give our opinion on it beforehand. State legislators can increase taxes or censor textbooks or raise utility rates without any participation from the people who are to be affected other than their pulling a lever in a polling booth two years before. Robert Paul Wolff, a professor of philosophy at Columbia University, has analyzed it this way:

> Since World War II, governments have increasingly divorced themselves from anything which could be called the will of the people. The complexity of the issues, the necessity of technical knowledge, and most important, the secrecy of everything having to do with national security, have conspired to attenuate the representative function of elected officials until a point has been reached which might be called political stewardship, or, after Plato, "elective guardianship. . . ."
>
> It suffices to note that the system of elective guardianship falls so far short of the ideal of autonomy and self-rule as not even to seem a distant deviation from it. Men cannot meaningfully be called free if their representatives vote independently of their wishes, or when laws are passed concerning issues which they are not able to understand. Nor can men be called free who are subject to secret decisions, based on secret data, having unannounced consequences for their well-being and their very lives.

The simple fact is that in a system as large as ours it is essential that the individual *not* have a regular voice in political affairs. To allow each of 220 million people, or even the 150 million over 18, to participate in politics in a serious way would simply be too unwieldy, too chaotic; not even the wildest of technofix schemes of telephone voting and computer tallying could solve the sheer logistical problems if every person were to behave as, for example, the Greek citizen of Periclean Athens, demanding to know the issues of the day, judging them, debating them, determining which were capable of being effected and when and how and by whom.

But not being able to participate has its terrible price. No wonder we feel so apathetic about voting: we do not have authentic political *selves*, we do not act politically, we do not know what is happening in and cannot much change the affairs of the nation, so the meager act of voting hardly carries much weight. *We do not understand ourselves publicly,* as public beings, nor could we be permitted to; we do not have public duties and public rights and public responsibilities of any meaning; there is nothing in our extended system that binds us as individuals to the public weal as there is in truly democratic societies.

We have sacrificed our citizenship to bigness, slowly over the decades—more rapidly in the last half-century but still slowly enough so that we have hardly been aware that it is gone—so it is not surprising that we do not have the interests, the attitudes, of citizens. Thus we do not vote. We do not pay taxes voluntarily—at least five million adults are reckoned to be tax avoiders, and virtually everyone else trims and cheats. We do not support our Government in time of war—in fact, a majority declared themselves *against* the Government during the most recent war. We do not obey

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its laws by habit but by force, and a great many of the most highly placed people both in government and business, including even our Presidents and our representatives and the executives of the largest firms, are regularly and increasingly seen to be disobeying these laws. We do not willingly serve its army—many millions have recently flouted its jurisdiction—or do so badly if forced. We do not honor, for the most part, its veterans or its fallen or its flag.

I do not think that any nation has long survived under such conditions, almost certainly none nurtured on the political traditions of ancient Israel, of democratic Greece, of republican Rome, of the egalitarian Enlightenment.

The "crisis of confidence" that Carter detected, then, would seem to be a very real thing, and undoubtedly far more serious than he knows. A public having lost its citizenship is beginning to be aware that the instruments of the American Behemoth are beyond its control and unresponsive to its needs, that somewhere the vaunted legislature and revered executive became separated from the body politic, that the institutions of governance no longer *deserve* any confidence.

It is a mood that goes beyond the normal American attitude of kick-the-bastards-out that has always been the expression of antigovernment suspicion in this land: this is something deeper, more profound, something that is seeing past and beyond the politicians and bureaucrats who inhabit the machinery of government right into the machinery itself. *Newsweek* quoted a White House "political operative" as saying after the 1978 elections, "The voters have a feeling that the bastards who want to kick the other bastards out aren't going to be any better bastards once they're in." It is not the people but the positions that are seen as failing, not the incumbents but the institutions. "People think it's the *system*," reports California pollster Mervin Field. "They don't believe you can change it by voting for one candidate over another."

Many years ago—nearly a hundred, in fact—a publication called *The Rebel*, put out in Boston, carried this editorial by one Arthur Arnould:

> An individual eats some mushrooms and is poisoned by them. The doctor gives him an emetic and cures him. He goes to the cook and says to him:
>
> —"The mushrooms in white sauce made me ill yesterday! To-morrow you must prepare them with brown sauce."
>
> Our individual eats the mushrooms in brown sauce. Second poisoning, second visit of the doctor, and second cure by the emetic.
>
> —"By Jove!" says he to the cook, "I want no more mushrooms with brown or white sauce, to-morrow you must fry them."
>
> Third poisoning, with accompaniment of doctor and emetic.
>
> —"This time," cries our friend, "they shall not catch me again! . . . to-morrow you must preserve them in sugar."
>
> The preserved mushrooms poison him again.
>
> —But that man is an imbecile! you say. Why does he not throw away his mushrooms and stop eating them.
>
> Be less severe, I beg you, because that imbecile is yourself, it is ourselves, it is all humanity.
>
> Here are four to five thousand years that you try the State—that is to say Power, Authority, Government—in all kinds of sauces, that you make, unmake, cut, and pare down constitutions of all patterns, and still the poisoning goes on. You have tried legitimate royalty, manufactured royalty, parliamentary royalty, republics unitary and centralized, and the only thing from which you suffer, the despotism, the dictature of the State, you have scrupulously respected and carefully preserved.

I do not claim that Americans in any great numbers are yet prepared to do away with the state that has made them so ill. But I do not believe I am wrong in detecting the beginnings, the stirrings, the growth, of a true antimushroom sentiment in the land: people who, perhaps only dimly, have come to realize—in a way that even Common Cause does not yet understand—that "the government cannot solve the problem because the government *is* the problem." Inchoate, to be sure, unexpressed except by a few, this sentiment is nonetheless found today in a thousand guises. It penetrates issues as diverse as laetrile and the metric system, nuclear power and Proposition 13. It lies behind the antitax revolt and the commune movement, the ecology and alternative-technology movements, the campaigns for neighborhood and small-town revitalization, the growing attachments to holistic health, natural foods and organic gardening. It has been the bedrock source of the civil rights and antiwar movements, it energizes every drive for local control and community development and decentralized government today, and when it collides head-on with all the old rubrics of "government of the people," it produces the widespread cynicism, apathy and bewilderment that the pollsters have found endemic in the nation.

It is this that may ultimately point the way to a human-scale polity. I do not mean to suggest that it is around the corner or necessarily inevitable. But I do think it is possible to perceive everywhere the strength of the new localism at work—not just in this country, I should point out, but around the world—a new insistence on the values and potentials of one's own region, one's own ecosystem, one's own cultures and traditions. The national malaise, the "crisis of confidence," is not going to be corrected until this spirit of place is given some political expression, until there is a devolution of power from the state to the locality and a decentralization of institutions to the point where individuals may in fact control them. A return to the power and sovereignty of the community: this is politics on a human scale.

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U.M.W.

(Continued From Front Cover)

Appalachian coal fields. In 1969, newspapers across the country were headlining a grisly murder in southwestern Pennsylvania. Joseph Yablonski, a maverick senior staffer of the U.M.W., had been shot to death along with his wife and daughter. After several years of investigation and two trials, former U.M.W. president W. A. (Tony) Boyle was imprisoned for masterminding the murders.

In the same year that Yablonski was shot, Richard Nixon, who was romancing blue-collar constituents at the time, reluctantly signed the most substantial occupational health and safety bill Congress had ever passed. The 1969 Federal Coal Mine Health and Safety Act was a response to political pressure created by two tragic events. First, methane gas blew up an underground mine in Mannington, West Virginia, which was operated by the Consolidation Coal Company, a subsidiary of Continental Oil. Seventy-eight miners were entombed. Had there been adequate Federal regulation or had Consol taken common-sense precautions, the methane would not have been ignited. The 1969 act laid down strict mine-ventilation standards and gas-control procedures. Over the last decade these regulations have almost eliminated methane explosions, which had taken more than 7,500 lives since 1906, from coal mining.

In the second watershed event, 40,000 West Virginia miners quit work for three weeks over invisible dust in their workplaces. Their protest launched a campaign that would make "coal workers' pneumoconiosis"—black lung—a prominent word in coal-field lexicon. A statewide strike pried a modest bill out of the West Virginia legislature. U.M.W. president Boyle had ridiculed the black-lung insurgents. He saw correctly that their protest was as much an indictment of the union whose "sweetheart" relationship he and his predecessor, John L. Lewis, had fashioned with the coal companies in the 1950s and 1960s as it was of the mine operators. That relationship which kept the costs of health and safety protection as low as possible, was the basic cause of the black-lung epidemic that materialized in the late 1960s. Ten months later, Congress mandated a comprehensive dust-reduction program and the strictest standard in the world. Today many fewer miners are contracting occupational respiratory disease than a decade ago because of these steps.

Out of these episodes emerged a shaky but determined rank-and-file reform movement within the U.M.W. that sought to alter the industry's most fundamental power relationships—between miner and operator, between miner and union leader, between miner and politician. Ten years later, that movement is in disarray, and the U.M.W. is again singing "Let Me Call You Sweetheart" to the operators. What happened?

When the reformers—Miners for Democracy (M.F.D.)—dumped Boyle in a December 1972 rerun of the disputed 1969 election, observers thought the slate had been wiped clean. New faces appeared at the union's Washington headquarters. Arnold Miller, a disabled mine electrician and black-lung victim who had never been a U.M.W. officer, was elected president of 150,000 working miners. Union publications and press statements crackled with gutsy, pro-worker language. New programs were whipped into being. A cadre of smart young lawyers and journalists, whose political ideas were tempered in the crucible of 1960s radicalism and coal-field organizing, assumed important staff jobs. As promised, the M.F.D. democratized the union's constitution and its internal procedures. The 1974 contract retook a lot of the ground—and then some—that Lewis and Boyle had deliberately ceded to the Bituminous Coal Operators Association (B.C.O.A.) in the sweetheart days. Doubled coal prices and talk of a new coal boom also gave industry negotiators enough flexibility to work out a new strategy with the reformers: B.C.O.A. sought to "buy" labor peace.

The comparative ease of instituting these preliminary reforms generated enthusiasm and momentum. But it also had the effect of papering over the reformers' structural and programmatic weaknesses. The most obvious of these was the incompleteness of their victory. Many districts and a number of important union politicians continued to be "Boylists." Because of this, the M.F.D. victory was more an electoral coup than a clean sweep of the union from top to bottom.

The success was incomplete in another sense. The M.F.D. had only a vague agenda of reforms and vaguer notions of how to achieve them. The M.F.D. people were further impeded by their own lack of administrative experience and were unable to effect the changes needed to institutionalize and depersonalize their victory. For these reasons, and others, the reform base in the union's membership remained static.

The factions that existed when Miller took office multiplied. As pressures and problems intensified, Miller alienated old allies on his staff, among M.F.D. loyalists and in the rank and file. Criticisms from his staff were equated with disloyalty. Miller became increasingly mired in self-destructive suspicion of his own members, who became "the enemy." Partly as a result, he became ill and despondent. Union staff—both miners and professionals—resigned in disgust. Miller fired others. The three top officers formed rival factions, motivated as much by personal ambition as by political differences with Miller. The gap between Miller and the membership encouraged former Boyle supporters, opportunistic union politicians and the union's left wing to criticize Miller openly. They personalized their attacks and Miller responded in kind. Issues and problems were reduced to personalities, and coalesced in a single overriding goal that unified the dissidents: dump Miller.

Miller faced two challengers in the June 1977 election. On

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the left there was Harry Patrick, his secretary-treasurer, leading the remnants of the M.F.D. From the right attacked Lee Roy Patterson, an ex-Boyle supporter. Miller had trouble finding a vice presidential running mate. After two union officials turned him down, he chose Sam Church, a Boylist in the 1969 and 1972 elections then working in the Washington headquarters. Miller selected Church because of his apparent loyalty and his political strength in Virginia, where Miller was weak. As it turned out, Church was more ambitious than loyal, and Virginia miners clobbered Miller. The three-way race found Miller winning with 40 percent of the vote. The results showed how narrow Miller's base was among working miners, and further eroded his credibility within the union and with the outside world.

By his second term, Miller had abandoned many of the principles and programs of the original M.F.D., such as they were, and the personal hostility he aroused was a major factor in the disintegration of the reformers' leadership. But the M.F.D.'s world view also suffered from tunnel vision. Although the M.F.D. had emphasized issues like mine safety and collective bargaining goals far more than Boyle, its core "ideology" had been painfully simple: Get rid of Boyle, extirpate corruption, return the union to the rank and file. This was a necessary but essentially simplistic vision, and it could not hold the reformers together after their objective was achieved. Then coal demand fell in 1976-77 and the operators began to tighten the screws.

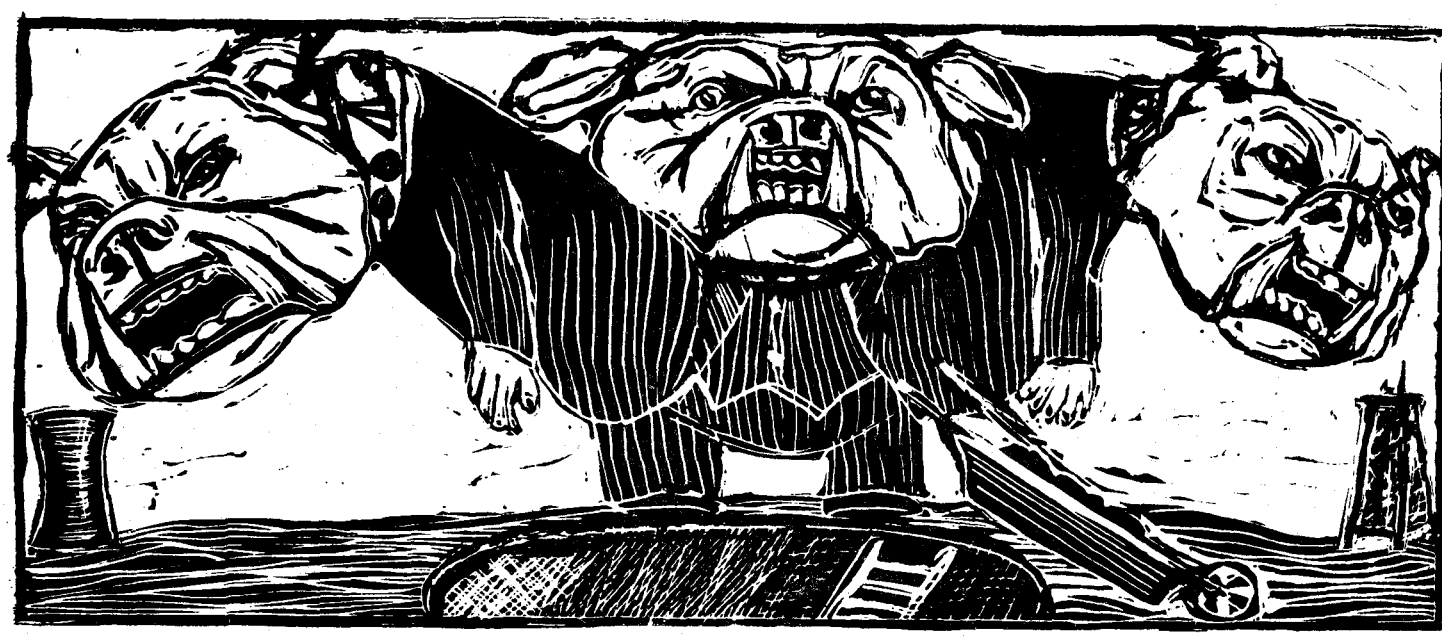
By December 1977, when Miller's second term began, the reform movement was dead. The spirit that had galvanized miners in the early 1970s had exhausted itself. Expectations were still high but it seemed impossible to translate ideals into programs. Many miners had turned either left or right during the last years of Miller's first term. Most had become cynical and disgusted with their leaders.

Collective bargaining in the winter of 1977-78 highlighted the shortcomings of Miller and the U.M.W. Miller was ill-prepared. He had no clear bargaining goals, no strategy and only limited rank-and-file support. His main concern seemed to be to cut his losses and end his agony. Although the U.M.W.'s convention had ratified a strong set of bargaining objectives, union negotiators ignored most of them.

The operators, while having divisions of their own, were generally of one mind about the need to use the shrinking market for coal as leverage to win contractual advantages over their workers. "Labor stability" became the industry's byword, and reporters usually wrote it without attribution, as though it represented the public good.

The Bituminous Coal Operators Association also wanted to refinance the jointly administered welfare and retirement fund and to increase worker productivity through bonus-for-increased-output plans. A long strike would cause little damage to many big coal companies because their customers—electric utilities and steel mills—had hoarded mammoth stockpiles. Further, since many of the major operators were themselves subsidiaries of energy companies, a long shutdown in coal would not have disastrous financial impact. The operators reasoned that a long strike would ultimately benefit them more than the strikers, whose lack of leadership left them seemingly incapable of putting one foot in front of the other. While the companies correctly discerned that the union's membership could not unite on behalf of something, they overlooked the ability of miners to unite *against* something. Miller's sellout to the operators provided rank-and-file miners with a now-familiar "we're against" unity which held them together for another three months.

The B.C.O.A.'s program to create "labor stability" was a page out of the industry's nineteenth century. Particularly objectionable to the miners was a provision that strikers and absentees could be fined and fired without appeal. With the help of the Carter Administration, the B.C.O.A. forced Miller to accept contract language so repressive that it was twice rejected by the union's membership, once through a formal vote. A third contract was approved only after the B.C.O.A. moderated the tone—though not much of the substance—of its demands. Miners resigned themselves to



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Miller's inability to battle the companies. After striking for 110 days, they capitulated. The strike had dramatized the union's weakness and the industry's new strengths. Among the latter: Utilities could shift power from unaffected plants to those vulnerable to the coal strike. Nonunion coal still moved out of Kentucky and Virginia and from the West. Stockpiles fell but never vanished. The Carter Administration got a Taft-Hartley injunction but it was voided by a Federal judge who found no evidence of a national emergency.

Once the strike ended in March 1978, the Eastern coal markets had slumped. Miners already deep in debt because of the long strike were laid off. Wildcat strikes declined in proportion to rising unemployment. Miller and his new vice president Church joined the B.C.O.A. in calling for cooperation and labor peace. Miller's health was deteriorating, and he spent much time away from Washington. Church assumed a good deal of day-to-day management of union affairs. Miller directed Church to take responsibility for safety and organizing soon after the strike. West Virginia Gov. John D. Rockefeller IV, who chaired Carter's Commission on Coal, used that platform to effect a cozy reunion between union and management. The commission's line was that differences between them were not as important as their common interest in mining more coal. For two years they chanted a three-line-mantra to the press and Federal officials: mine more coal, burn more coal, relax "unnecessary" regulations.

The operators were changing as quickly as the union. The steel companies, owners of their own coal mines, and Consolidation Coal, the dominant Eastern operator, had dictated B.C.O.A. policy since 1950. Unhappy with its diminished role in the 1977-78 negotiations, Consol dropped out of the B.C.O.A. several months after the contract was ratified. The company subsequently reaffiliated after its main demand that U.M.W. negotiations be again handled by the big boys—Consol, U.S. Steel and Peabody—was met. As a result, the entire unionized industry east of the Mississippi, representing about half of all coal production, will be following Consol's line. For the 1980s, Consol plans call for converting the U.M.W. into an instrument of labor stability by cutting a sweetheart deal with the new union leaders. When the industry says it wants a "strong union," as it often does, it means a union leadership that will do its bidding and stick it to the ordinary coal miner.

These ins and outs of coal-operator politics reflect much more profound changes that are reshaping the energy industry. The oil companies and a few conglomerates began buying in in the mid-1960s and 1970s as doubts grew over petroleum, natural gas and uranium supplies and their prices. They had also discovered a more basic truth: coal was a moneymaker. Changes in mining methods and industry structure, market-stabilization agreements in the 1950s, "labor stability" and the absence of environmental and occupational regulations had by the late 1960s, turned the big coal companies into inviting takeover prospects.

As the oil companies moved in, new coal industry policies emerged. The oil companies did not invest in new coal capacity at the same rate as did the independent coal producers. Most of the oil-company investment in coal was in the West where the U.M.W. is an insignificant factor and mining is more profitable. Another large part of the oil-company investments went into nonenergy business as part of a diversification strategy for the coming non-fossil-fuel future. And with OPEC driving energy prices up, oil was simply too profitable. The high oil prices did enable the coal companies to push their own prices higher than cost increases would justify. (Coal's return on equity exceeds the five-year median for the top eight international oil companies, although it is not as high as some of the independent oil producers, *Forbes* reported in January 1980.) The coal industry lined up behind the oil lobby on synthetic fuel legislation, opposing Federal synfuel plants even when they would burn private-sector coal.

The industry also mounted a campaign against environmental regulations. Washington bureaucrats replaced the industry's traditional scapegoats—wildcat strikers, do-gooders and Communists. Cleverly, the companies aligned themselves with obstreperous union miners by creating a common foe, the environmentalists, whom Church dutifully dubbed the "E.P.A. lobby." To its discredit, the U.M.W. lined up behind the industry without independently ascertaining the actual degree to which Federal regulations were responsible for weak coal markets. The union had once supported surface-mine legislation and other environmental issues in the mid-1970s. Indeed, Miller was a publicly announced advocate of strip-mine abolition when he was elected union president in 1972. But now the union has opened its gates to the industry-fashioned Trojan Horse, from which an assault will be mounted on a variety of Federal regulations, including health and safety measures.

The outlines of U.M.W. policy have begun to emerge. Following the union's December 1979 convention, *Business Week* reported that the mine workers union "now appears ready to make peace with the coal industry and itself" and that Church "will exercise more control over rambunctious miners." The union-B.C.O.A. partnership that Lewis forged in the 1950s is resurfacing. Labor stability, as the industry defines it, will probably follow. That means suppression of dissenters, expulsion of mavericks and wildcat strikers, pruning of independent local leaders and de-emphasis of contract strikes as a tool in collective bargaining. Some observers guess that miners might eventually lose the right to ratify contracts.

After a six-month tenure and with one successful convention under his belt, Church has received high marks from the industry. Consol officials established communication with him during the 1978 strike. Some top executives even flew to the union's convention in December to speak with Church personally and wish him luck. Three companies—Consol, Exxon and Gulf—chipped in $1,800 on a $2,700 tab at a "unity" dinner there, which the Labor Department stage-managed. One unnamed coal official was quoted in *The New York Times* of January 28 as saying: "He has proved to be very aggressive on behalf of his membership

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and very responsive to the needs of the industry. The industry's expectations of Mr. Church's presidency are being more than met."

Last September, the union and the B.C.O.A. announced that they would henceforth hammer out all differences on health and safety regulations *before* they commented on them publicly. This arrangement undercuts independent adversarial analysis of proposed regulations, which is a basic premise of Federal rule making. Rather than criticize coal operators for increases in mine fatalities and injuries in 1979, Church has attacked state mining officials in Virginia and West Virginia where the toll is heaviest. Church reportedly squelched two safety wildcat strikes in early January. Four miners were killed on the job in those two states alone in the first twenty-five days of 1980.

Union-management partnership is also likely to mean going along with other operator policies. Union acceptance of diesel machines in underground mines and a new generation of "labor-saving" technologies may be sought. Collective bargaining will probably give the miners increased wages and benefits in return for greater operator control over the workplace, more bonus-for-increased-output incentive plans, continued pro-company arbitration of grievances, and cash penalties against strikers and absentees.

These regressions seem to portend a full-scale retreat from the progressive goals of the mid-1970s. Church is clearly more forceful and more politically savvy than Miller. Yet his record as union vice president is unimpressive. Neither safety nor organizing—his two official responsibilities under Miller—went anywhere for two years. Church has no personal power base in the union, but he still received extensive convention support on politically unpopular issues like the 120 percent dues increase. Most delegates supported Church because they realized they need a unified organization to hold their own against the companies. They also wanted to give Church the benefit of any doubts. Church undeniably handled the convention well.

But if Church's political skills are obvious, his vision and programs remain murky. Like Lewis and Boyle, he sees unions as co-partners with business and a bulwark against radicalism. Nothing thus far suggests that he possesses the creativity and tactical mastery that allowed Lewis to form the Congress of Industrial Organizations and establish a company-paid health and retirement system in 1946. Lewis's successors have tended to embody the great man's flaws, his autocracy, insufferable egotism, repressiveness, penchant for wheeling and dealing, paternalism and basic distrust of his membership—without emulating his strengths, his charisma, timing, intelligence, knowledge and combativeness. Church does not share the liberalism or outrage that motivated the reformers. He has spoken disdainfully of the M.F.D. to many union associates. It is doubtful he will develop a broader programmatic vision during his tenure. There is little to suggest that he will join union leaders like Jerry Wurf, William Winpisinger and Donald Fraser on mainstream labor's left wing.

The lesson of 1970s mine worker reform is that it failed because it didn't go deep enough, far enough or fast enough with the right leaders. New directions can be built on this understanding. The failures of the M.F.D. were not due to "too much democracy," as the press wrote. Rather, its struggles tell a lot about the bind in which all of American labor finds itself—the pressure to keep unionized business profitable; the dilemmas posed by environmental and occupational regulations; the cost-cutting squeeze nonunionized employers work on union shops, and labor's inability to unite behind an alternative program of political and economic objectives. The M.F.D.'s reform ideology was too shallow and too narrowly based to cut a radical course for very long against these odds.

Second, the coal miners' experience in the 1970s points to ways in which this critically important union must develop in the future. Coal is but one part of a giant energy industry, which has moved to a stage of capitalism that would make Marx smile in grim admiration. Competition, as it was known earlier in this century, does not occur among energy producers or distributors. Collectively, they have achieved a quasi-political sovereignty that transcends national boundaries. Almost every one of the major energy companies has, since the mid-1960s, established a "position" in every fuel system (oil, gas, coal, nuclear and solar); locked up production, transportation and distribution facilities in each whenever possible; pegged

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the price of all fuels to OPEC oil, and sopped up surplus oil profits by acquiring nonenergy subsidiaries.

As a result, single-fuel unions are as outmoded as single-fuel companies. A union of coal miners cannot bargain effectively with coal executives who are fronting for international energy conglomerates. The same is true of oil and gas workers, as well as utility and transportation workers. What is likely to emerge is a single union of U.S. energy workers. This would ultimately involve bargaining coordination and institutional links with energy workers in other energy-producing countries. A single energy union would provide labor with a new kind of bargaining leverage, increase its political influence and allow workers to shape environmental and economic decisions that management now makes on its own. Coal miners could be the keystone of this arch, taking the lead as John L. Lewis did when he formed the C.I.O. But as long as Church presides, the U.M.W. seems likely to stay stuck in the mud of its past. □

LETTERS.

(Continued From Page 642)

that was conveyed by that Government's public relations campaigns. . . .

However, with Stephen Talbot's article ["What Happened to the Captains of April?" March 8], *The Nation* succumbs to some sentimentalism about lost revolutions and unemployed captains, neglecting any factually critical analysis of the most recent Portuguese elections and implying that it regrets Portugal's transition since the coup because the voters have rejected the military. Why suddenly lament the waning influence of what is, beyond doubt, an elitist, self-interested clique whose loss of power stems from a popular mandate? Does Talbot long for the "heady days of revolution" and military rule?

Such naïveté is underlined by Talbot's use of a quotation from the paranoid Maj. Otelo Saraiva de Carvalho, who asserts ingenuously that "after April 1974 we had no intelligence service in Portugal." The major was the director of a "revolutionary" military police known by its acronym COPCON—or, as the Portuguese came to refer to it, "Como Organizar a Pide Com Outro Nome" ("How to organize the Pide under another name").

Moreover, the present Constitution—never submitted to popular referendum—does not "require" any Government to "pursue a socialist program." In a controversial and ambiguous preamble, it describes Portugal as a country "in transition to socialism." Unfortunately, three years of Socialist Party and presidentially appointed Governments, preceded by two years of rule by a collegium of self-promoted majors, colonels and generals—all of whom described themselves as "socialists"—have discredited that term among the electorate.

And coups and countercoups have discredited the captains' dandyism. Revealingly, Talbot omits any mention of the putsch that the "flamboyant and popular" major and his buddies attempted on November 25, 1975, though he stresses the one botched by Antônio de Spínola and, presumably, Frank Carlucci. That some of them wound up in jail, or were ostracized from the Naval Club, or had to flee to Paris is of little importance to workers whose real income has dropped sharply since 1974.

Talbot's *saudades* for the captains has led him to ignore the reality of politics in Portugal and to misrepresent the Democratic Alliance as "conservative" and "right-wing." Sá Carneiro is a Social Democrat; he is aligned with dissidents from the Socialist Party, with Monarchists—who are more of a "green party" than Royalists—and with the Social Democratic Center—a minority in the coalition which, in U.S. terms, would be moderate Republicans. Their three-seat, and not six-seat, majority is undoing "the radical reforms of the Portuguese revolution" by attempting to revitalize the economy and by introducing pragmatic, social-democratic reforms that ironically may bring about the socialist programs that the captains decreed, but could not afford, except on paper.

Rather than cry for the captains whom no one elected, *The Nation* should applaud the democratic evolution that it promoted by helping to expose Salazar and Marcello Caetano and it should give us reporting on Portugal that is accurate, unsentimental and less concerned with the diplomatic cocktail circuit in Lisbon. *Jaime H. da Silva*

TALBOT REPLIES

San Francisco

I confess an admiration for the captains who overthrew the Caetano dictatorship and even a certain nostalgia for the era of camaraderie and social change which followed the April 25, 1974, coup. Certainly Jaime da Silva must realize that if it had not been for the Armed Forces Movement, the likes of Salazar and Caetano—whom he seems to oppose—would in all likelihood still be in power today and the Portuguese colonial wars in Africa would have dragged on.

If da Silva had read my article more closely, he would not have missed my reference to the November 25, 1975, revolt. In his haste to criticize "the paranoid Maj. Otelo Saraiva de Carvalho," he also attributes a quotation to him which came from "a former close associate of Spínola" and not from Maj. Carvalho. Furthermore, COPCON was a "military police" as da Silva states, not an intelligence service designed to keep tabs on the C.I.A. and the K.G.B.

I suggest that da Silva read the Portuguese Constitution—which he may not approve of—more closely. The Preamble states that the Constitutional Assembly "affirms the decision of the Portuguese people . . . to open the road to a socialist society," and Article 2 proclaims that "the Portuguese Republic is a democratic State . . . which has the objective of assuring a transition to socialism by means of creating conditions for the democratic exercise of power by the working classes." Other articles of the Constitution call for collective ownership of the principal means of production, establish the principle of worker power in the economy, and declare that education should promote a "classless society." "Lisbon Proclaims Socialist Charter" was how *The New York Times* announced the Constitution in April 1976. As I mentioned in my article, this is why the present conservative Government is anxious to begin revising the Constitution.

Finally, the Democratic Alliance does have a six-seat majority in parliament, not the three seats da Silva cites. The "pragmatic, social democratic reforms" of this conservative coalition Government include forcibly trying to reclaim collectivized land from farm workers in the Alentejo—a policy that has already led to bloody confrontations. *Stephen Talbot*

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Europeans Without a Baedeker

THOMAS FLANAGAN

UNSETTLING EUROPE. *By Jane Kramer. Random House. 320 pp. $9.95.*

Jane Kramer's *Unsettling Europe* consists of studies of four families whose existences challenge, in one way or another, our vague, generalized notions of the "new" Europe. Pedrag Ilić is one of the *invandrare*, a Yugoslav working in a Swedish factory while he painfully saves enough money to finish building a house in his native village. The Hassans, Akbar and his family, are Ugandan Asians, uprooted by Idi Amin and flung upon Britain. The Martins are *pieds noirs* of Algeria, uneasily settled into a Provençal town. The Cecchis are Communists in the Italian Communist town of "San Vincenzo"—Carlo, a shepherd, old now, who was recruited into the party in the 1930s, and his son Alfredo, the *dottore*, a rising star in the bureaucratic postwar party, with a brass plaque on his office door and Lucite-covered maps of the provincial lands on his walls.

Kramer's intention is to break down the exhausted, conventional categories in which sociology and journalism solicit us to consider contemporary Europe, by creating for us the bitter, absurd, fractured lives of "people who fell into the cracks of history." The groups of which these families are representative cannot be called "forgotten," for they have numbers in our catalogue of cultural clichés. We know that Asians from Uganda were washed up on the shores of the Thames and the Mersey. That the *pieds noirs* wound up in metropolitan France, to the unhappiness both of them and of the French. That Europe's "miraculous" growth has generated a heavy internal migration northward from the rural and impoverished South. That Communism in Western Europe, and especially Italy, has proved as bureaucratic and "respectable" as the order which it seeks, halfheartedly, to replace.

Thomas Flanagan is author of The Year of the French *(Holt, Rinehart & Winston), winner of the 1979 National Book Critics Circle Award for fiction.*

But Kramer's strategy compels us to examine the human consequences of migrations caused by politics or want or history or all of these. And she brings to her purpose a cool, lean, deliberately uninflected style and an unerring sense of the ways in which meaning and significance can be established by the juxtapositions of telling detail. The stories which she tells are melancholy, for the lives of the migrants must be measured by their losses, losses of ethnic certainties, traditional values, even, in extreme cases, of personal identity. The gains have been slight.

The Hassans, for example, are among the 27,000 Asians who were given three months to leave Uganda. Akbar Hassan was "a big capitalist man" in his bush village, with a fine shop, two houses, five Mercedes trucks and, until the man was hacked to death, the protection of a Government minister. Britain had recruited the Indians at the turn of the century, shipping them across the Arabian Sea to Mombasa and then inland, to build the railway. Others followed them, indentured at first to the railway but then fanning out across the countryside as traders. There were never more than a few thousand British in the colony, but by 1972, the year of expulsion, there were 60,000 Asians scattered among the ten million Africans. They had kept for themselves the towns and cities and they managed the colonial economy. And they had come to form a third society, despised by both Africans and British. In the process, they developed the snobberies, complacencies and insecurities of people thus situated. And some, like Akbar, acquired British passports, which were to prove fortunate when all of them were expelled by the grotesque Amin at the bidding of a prophecy which had come to him in his slumber.

Akbar is an almost pure example of the colonial mentality: he might have been invented by Graham Greene or Joyce Cary. Although he had had little contact with the British, he believed that he possessed a mystical virtue known as "English confidence" which set him above not only the Africans but also most of his fellow Asians, although not, of course, on a level with the "pure English." And that is why he was so ashamed when he arrived in England with a few pounds, a plaid suitcase, eleven Japanese transistor radios and a notarized statement that he had left behind him 50,000 pounds in confiscated assets. He almost lost his English confidence. And he arrived in an England where color prejudice, already running high with respect to Indians and Pakistanis and West Indians, was now being exacerbated by the prospect of an influx from East Africa. At Heathrow, a Resettlement Board officer tried to lure him to the Outer Hebrides, but he chose London.

His problems had scarcely begun, and he was shortly to inflict them upon his hapless family. It was difficult for him to accept that he was no longer a big capitalist man, and when he applied for a job in a Mercedes-Benz garage, he was affronted by being asked if he could change plugs. "Changing plugs? I no need to changing plugs. I know too much, too much Mercedes. In Uganda, when I fix Mercedes, I am changing whole engine in five minutes. In Uganda, I am having servant with me just to open door and hand me tools." He now has a job of sorts. He could get a better one if he would work for an Asian, but only working for a "pure Englishman" will help him regain his English confidence. Meanwhile, he has managed to acquire a battered 1957 Mercedes-Benz. He is not licensed to drive it, and the petrol would be too expensive, but he keeps it polished and he can see it from his front window. "I must see Mercedes. For me, to see Mercedes is to know that I am not losing everything."

One does not know whether to cry or to laugh, and the impulse to laugh is muddied by our guilty knowledge of its sources—our condescension toward those who talk funny English and spend their Sundays polishing a useless car. But there is nothing laughable about the autocracy which Akbar, in his tormented bewilderment, has imposed upon his family.

Some 60,000 people live in Southall, at the edge of the Greater London borough of Ealing, and half of them are nonwhite. They are detested indiscriminately by the English and Irish as "wogs," or, more humiliatingly, as "niggers." In fact, there are Pakistanis

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and Sikhs and Indian East Africans, and deep animosities exist not only among but within the groups. Thus, the Kutchis, like Akbar, regard the Ismailis as uncultured, messy and given to the aping of English ways, which is exactly how the Ismailis think of them.

All, including most of his fellow Kutchis, are regarded by Akbar as threats of various kinds to his personal and ethnic identity, and so too is the English society within which he is embedded. In consequence, he has driven his wife into a kind of purdah, and his daughter has been forbidden to study the "indecent" Shakespeare, or to train as a nurse, which would require her to deal intimately with men. They accept this with resignation, which is especially unfortunate because they seem more innately capable than he of adjusting to their bizarre and harassed existences. Meanwhile, his sons spend much of their time getting beaten and robbed by the Pakistanis, who in their turn are tormented by gangs of white Pakibashers.

Kramer speaks of the Martins, her *pieds noirs*, as a family "nearly deranged by loneliness and war." So too are the Hassans, and in startlingly comparable ways. Mme. Martin complains that France has made her 61-year-old husband lecherous: "He comes to me mooning like a boy, and we fight, because he is crazy. I say to him, '*Laisse-moi seule. Je me fous de ton amour.*' " And Rabia Hassan knows from television that it is not the custom in England for a husband to spend a whole year sleeping on the sitting-room couch. Young Claude Martin, humorless and obsessed, fasts and does penance and dreams of becoming a Catholic martyr. Abdullah Hassan "is rigidly, pitilessly pious—a 14-year-old scourge, tense and fat, who stalks judgmentally through Southall wearing a Bulova wristwatch and a tight pink paisley shirt. Abdullah has a nose for transgressions." But not the transgressions of women: he does not believe that women are worth saving.

The lives of these families are at once representative and unique in their grainy particularity, but how does Kramer intend that we should respond to what we have been shown? Her disdain for sociology is so casually total as to direct us away from generalizations. But she does have an intention, and it would seem to be located in her attitude toward the kinds of language by which people are represented. She suggests that people are left unaccounted for by language that serves, that almost is contrived, to conceal their hard, resistant actuality—the language of newspapers, of sociology, of conferences and symposiums. And, as against this kind of officialese, she celebrates the unexpected, idiosyncratic eloquence of the people themselves. "I saw that what the people in them really shared was a kind of instinctive subversion of that narrow rhetoric which either claimed to include them or inadvertently ignored them."

But what she has really in mind is her own literary method as a mode of social representation. I cannot fault that method—I find her, here as in her earlier books, an admirable and a humane writer—but I do have some nagging worries about it. These four essays first appeared as articles in *The New Yorker*, whose editor she thanks for "my education as a writer." And *New Yorker* journalism seems to me a literary genre that is so busy congratulating itself upon its undeniable virtues—its avoidance of jargon and pretentiousness, its implicit skepticism toward generalities, its disdain for the intellectually modish, its command of the middle style—that it is left with insufficient time to examine its own methods and procedures. Unruffled by such concerns, it flows southward along its single-column riverbed, between banks of advertisements, often hilariously inappropriate, for Steuben glass and vacations on Maui and Rolex watches. But any method, either of investigation or of style, yields to us information which in part is determined by the method itself. Literature offers us not the actual but an artifact and, paradoxically, it comes closest to the actual when it is aware of itself as artifact.

But Kramer herself rises above the school in which she labors. And she is at her most rich and eloquent in her introduction, where she finds herself free to consider the implications of her subject, to express her own feelings and judgments openly, and with, behind them, the full sound of her own voice. She has had two educations as a writer, and I have a clear preference for the one she has given herself. □

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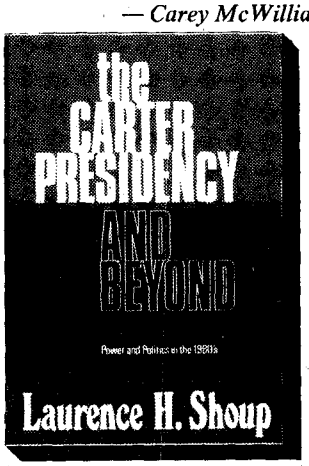

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Thy Wife's Neighbor

RICHARD LINGEMAN

On a raw, windy Chicago afternoon a teen-age boy, whose real name was Alec Comfort Lewandowski, stopped off at a small candy store on his way home from school. The boy went straight to the display of magazines near the cash register, nodding to the proprietor, a fat, unshaven man wearing a ratty cardigan and chewing a matchstick. The proprietor ignored Alec as he began leafing through the magazines, occasionally pausing to pull out a centerfold: *Playboy, Gent, Duke, Rogue, Nugget, Hustler, Porn Fan, Illustrated Personals from The New York Review of Books, Pubis, Wet Dream, Onan, Lust, T 'n' A, T, A, S & M, A & M, Buns, Macho, Oedipus Sex, Coprophagic Digest, Leather Boy, Leather Girl, Leather Dogs, Slut, Whips, Fanny, National Pornographic* and several

Richard Lingeman is executive editor of The Nation.

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others. Alec finally selected a copy of *Teen Playboy* and took it to the man at the register. As he handed over his money, he whispered two words: "*Scientific American*."

The proprietor reached under the counter where he kept exotic magazines for special customers. He pushed the magazine indifferently to Alec, who hurriedly slipped it inside the centerfold of his *Teen Playboy*. The transaction took a minute at most, and Alec was once again out in the cold evening air. He hurried home, turning down a street of identical row houses, each with a wooden porch, a pink flamingo on the tiny front lawn and a portrait of Hugh Hefner on the wall inside—the kind with eyes that followed you wherever you were in the room, or, if you were a woman, moved up and down appraisingly. Alec went up the steps of his house, opened the door and entered the living room. He mumbled a greeting to his mother and father, who were joined, *in flagrante*, on the couch.

"Supper in ten minutes, Alec," his mother said, catching his image in the ceiling mirror. "Wash your hands—but don't forget to masturbate first."

"All right," Alec said, hurrying up the stairs.

"I'm worried about him," Alec's father said, as he was picking up his clothes from the floor. "He's closed the door again. God knows what he does in there."

"Do you know what I think, Henry," said Alec's mother, whose real name was Hilda. "I think he's sublimating. The other day when I was cleaning his room, I found an old *Mechanix Illustrated* in his pile of girlie magazines."

"I'm not surprised," his father replied, leaving his shirt open to the navel. "I ran into his math teacher at the massage parlor. He told me Alec has been inattentive in class. Thought he'd been staying up late doing homework."

"The boy needs discipline," his mother said. "Why don't you take him to Madame Olga's?"

Upstairs in his room, Alec sat on his bed and slowly extracted the copy of *Scientific American* from the centerfold, ignoring Miss Teen February's pert shapely breasts, smooth tanned thighs and full red lips that were seductively parted to reveal gleaming orthodonture. He flipped through the *Scientific American* until he came to an article on genetics and gazed intensely at a full-color model of the DNA chain. His breath came faster as he read the flat, factual prose and devoured with his eyes an elegantly turned equation: $A + (B^1) \times Mc^2 = U - (D \times A)$. Sighing heavily, he placed the magazine on his bed and opened a bureau drawer. He rummaged about a moment, then produced a pocket calculator from beneath his shirts. He held it gently, eyeing the equation in the magazine, then began pushing the buttons, slowly at first, then his fingers flying faster and faster until at last he sank back, exhausted, on his pillow. . . .

The sexual revolution in America was consummated in the early 1980s, when, in a concatenation of accidentally related occurrences, the last guardians of puritanical morality fell within the space of a few months. The first such occurrence was the simultaneous death by heart attack of three of the most conservative justices on the Supreme Court, including Chief Justice Warren Burger. The three were stricken while watching a screening of a particularly vile pornographic version of *Heidi*. Then came the arrest of the national head of the Citizens for Decent Literature in a men's room in Mississippi. He was charged with making an indecent proposal to an undercover policewoman in male drag and sentenced to two consecutive five-year terms for bisexual mopery. Not long after this event made the headlines, there was the Anita Bryant divorce trial, during which it emerged that the singer had held frequent trysts with two linebackers for the Dallas Cowboys, whose bisexuality had been previously announced on the *Phil Donahue Show*.

Most shocking of all was the revelation that the President of the United States, Jimmy Carter, had been involved in an extramarital affair with an attractive White House correspondent of one of the major networks. The President's statement ("She was Rosalynn's surrogate") failed to mitigate the hostile publicity. Many sympathized with his explanation that the affair grew out of the loneliness he felt during the Iranian hostage crisis when his wife was away campaigning for weeks at a time. But his rise in the polls was only short-lived, and he eventually announced his resignation in an interview with Barbara Walters. After the election of Senator Edward Kennedy in November, it became clear that voters were fed up with the so-called "character issue."

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The following year, voters in California overwhelmingly endorsed Proposition 30—the polymorphous sexuality amendment, popularly known as "Deep Throat II." In 1982, Congress passed, and the requisite number of states quickly ratified, the sexual freedom amendment to the Constitution. The amendment provided, "Congress or the states shall make no law interfering with sexual expression or permitting religious censorship, or otherwise ban, prohibit, disapprove of, gossip or titter about any form of sexual expression or sexual act, or the fore- and afterplay thereto appertaining."

One night, a month after his son, Alec, had practiced secret sublimation, Henry Lewandowski sat in a large armchair in his living room watching a pornographic film on television. There were wires attached to a cloth band around his arm, to his crotch, to metal cylinders in each of his hands and a metal helmetlike contraption on his head. The wires led to a box, where needles were registering lines on a moving sheet of graph paper. The line was nearly flat; the needles barely trembled. Henry's wife, Hilda, emerged from the kitchen. She was attired in a filmy, black-lace Frederick's of Hollywood housecoat, which revealed her firm, full breasts and her saucy dark-tipped nipples.

"Any change, Henry?" she asked, a note of worry in her voice.

"Zilch," Henry said with a sigh.

"I can't understand it," Hilda said. "Your Erectile Motility Count usually shoots up to the top fifth percentile when Suzanne Somers in *Little Women in Times Square* is on. I think you worry too much about affairs at the office. Why don't you have an affair with another girl? These young girls today—they're all frigid. I knew this one was as soon as she turned me down for a threesome."

"Cut!" came a loud voice from behind the sofa. A short, dapperly dressed man stood up, followed by a woman with a tape recorder. The short, dapper man was Gay Toulouse, noted and wealthy author of *Thy Wife's Neighbor*. His lissome companion, whose thrusting breasts threatened to burst free from her flimsy blouse, was Nancy Thursday, also a famed writer on sexual matters, who was collaborating with Toulouse on a sequel to his book, called *Thy Publisher's Advance*.

"What's the trouble, Henry?" Toulouse said, glancing at the wall mirror and catching a glimpse of himself writing in the third person.

"Christ, Gay," Henry said angrily, "can't you just leave me alone? You've been camped out in our living room for six months."

"Let's take off our clothes, Henry," Toulouse said, soothingly. "I think you should work on your foreplay."

Without answering, Henry Lewandowski (his real name) tore off the wires that were restraining him and strode rapidly out of the living room, and into the night. Although the intention had not clearly formed in his mind at that moment, he would ultimately end up at a rundown office building on the North Side. There he would climb a flight of scabrous stairs and enter a small office. A bored-looking young woman in a white shirt would hand him talc, bowling shoes and a bright orange and green satin shirt with the words Cudahy Meatpackers on the back in garish script. That night, Henry Lewandowski would bowl nine frames for the first time in the past five years of his married life.

Meanwhile, upstairs in his room, Alec Comfort Lewandowski was avidly reading Aristotle's *Politics*.

Bob and Carol Taylor (their real names) stood on the front porch of a standard California ranch house in a tract optimistically named by its developer Poinsettia Estates. That was back in the 1970s, when young couples had 1.3 children and lived in separate houses—before the boom in Swingles Apartments. Now most of the houses in the Poinsettia Estates were empty, with grass growing through the cracks in their patios out in back. But the house on whose doorstep Bob and Carol Taylor were nervously waiting was well kept, and out in back there was a garden and a vintage barbecue grill.

Looking at Carol as though for reassurance, Bob inhaled deeply and rang the bell. They listened impassively as the chimes played "Raindrops Keep Fallin' on My Head." A few minutes passed, then the door opened and a smiling young woman in basic black dress greeted them.

"Welcome to Grindstone," she said, motioning them inside. "I'm Wendy Grant (Mrs.)."

As she chattered on, the Taylors were stunned by the bold vapidity of her speech. "So nice of you to come. Did you have trouble getting a sitter? Wasn't it hot today! Come in and have a drink. Say hello to my husband, John." They shook hands with a smiling man wearing a neat blue blazer, striped rep tie and penny loafers. Wendy Grant excused herself, saying that she had to go to the kitchen for some more potato chips and dip. "It's really very easy to make. Just add a package of dehydrated onion soup to a pint of sour cream."

After Grant had introduced them to some of the couples standing around in the living room, Bob and Carol gradually overcame the inhibitions they had felt initially when they saw that everyone was wearing clothes. Soon they were talking uninhibitedly about real estate, the stock market, television programs and schools. Out in back, John Grant could be seen grilling hamburgers, and Wendy Grant talked volubly of recipes in the kitchen. Once Bob caught Carol's eye across the room, and they both smiled; they knew they had at last "come out."

Like many young couples in America, Bob and Carol Taylor's marriage had failed. Initially, it had been one of the happiest group marriages anyone could ask for—night after night of sensationally compatible sex with Ted and Alice and Marvin and Diane and George and Liza and Dan and Sue and Arthur and Maureen and Otis and LaBelle and Kazuo and Tamiko and Bernie and Sylvia. But after three years, an unmistakable boredom set in, along with a dawning awareness that the promiscuity had gone out of their marriage. They began to engage in bizarre private sex, a copy of an old sex manual, *Ideal Marriage*, by Van de Velde, at their bedside. Their experiments became more daring; they tried the missionary position, which Carol at first found disgusting but later learned to enjoy. Another time, when, after a particularly passionate bout of lovemaking, Bob rolled over and fell asleep, Carol had a totally spontaneous orgasm listening to him snore. Carol took to wearing greasy night cream to bed and saying, "Not tonight, Bob, I had a bitch of a day." For his part, Bob began working late at the office when he was supposed to be working late at the office.

Now they had arrived at Grindstone, a communal experiment in serial monogamy founded by John and Wendy Grant. American sexual morality was

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about to make another flip-flop and in New York, underground publishers in shabby offices were signing up hundreds of daring new books to chronicle the change. □

Ignorance Without Bliss

AMY WILENTZ

MEN IN LOVE: Men's Sexual Fantasies: The Triumph of Love Over Rage. *By Nancy Friday. Delacorte Press. 596 pp. $12.95.*

THE TRUTH ABOUT WHAT WOMEN WANT IN MEN. *By Susan Eno. William Morrow & Company. 297 pp. $10.95.*

SEX AND FANTASY: Patterns of Male and Female Development. *By Robert May. W.W. Norton & Company. 226 pp. $12.95.*

Amid other current perversions of the egalitarian spirit, it seems only fair that the incompetent should be having their moment in the sun. Books about subjects once thought accessible only to experts now enjoy a special vogue, and as a rule their commercial appeal is greater the more ignorant the author. Most of this work, which flies under the perfectly respectable banner of popularization, is done sub rosa—no one tells you what meticulously developed theories are being raided and then trampled. The new openness has been replaced by the new ignorance, but I have a sense that the practitioners of both vogues are the same. Surely their goals are identical—to market revelations of one sort or another, but only those revelations that rub the reader with positive vibes.

What else is one to think of Nancy Friday? She coats her books with an insidious gloss of professionalism. "I wish to thank *psychoanalyst* Richard Robertiello, *M.D.*," she says in her acknowledgments here, and hastens to the debt she owes "*psychotherapist Dr.* Leach Schaefer and *psychoanalyst* Sirgay Sanger, *M.D.*" (my italics but her emphasis). Are these men heavy

Amy Wilentz is assistant literary editor of The Nation.

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theorists, as she implies? Are they cocktail-party sages? Is one (or are all of them) her personal head doctor? Next to this bogus air of authority, Friday's gratitude to her agent seems more to the point: "Without her courageous belief in me during the past six years, perhaps these pages never would have been written." Would that they never had!

Men in Love (poor Lawrence) contains—as Friday overexplicitly points out in the subtitle—transcripts of men's sexual fantasies; it is the fraternal triplet of Friday's *My Secret Garden* and *Forbidden Flowers*. Her introduction, "The Masculine Conflict," re-examines the Oedipal complex, but with an ugly new twist. Instead of seeing it as inherent in the structure of any family that has managed to put forth male issue, Friday is anxious to lay more specific blame in the lap of mama. The mother, she believes, could manage to erase the complex if only she were sensitive enough to her son's needs.

According to Friday, this is why men's fantasies about women are so rageful: the first love men receive comes from Mother (her caps), yet Mother is also the reprimander, the setter of social standards, the superego. As one of Friday's subjects puts it succinctly toward the end of the book, "Mothers give so much to their little boys, and then there is this cutoff [!] at night, when she goes with father. Anger." What is a mother to do? Friday leaves the reader with the impression that the son might be better off if his mother remained with him for the night (a mistake Proust's mother once made). Short of that, there is nothing Mother can do to ease the family (the "masculine") conflict; nonetheless, she's the guilty party. For another example of such mindless and misdirected finger-pointing, here's Friday in a recent interview with *Publishers Weekly*:

> And think of how often men are humiliated by women. With all the talk these days about rape, all men probably get to feel—are *made* to feel—that they're potential rapists. But humiliation can be as terrible as physical pain, and women inflict it on men to an extraordinary degree, at first as mothers, later as wives and lovers. I don't think the culture has sufficiently emphasized the power of women over men as mothers.

To have missed that emphasis, what can she have been reading or hearing the last twenty or more years?

In *The Truth About What Women Want in Men*, Susan Eno tackles a subject less serious, perhaps, than Friday's, but rather more tangible. It's a how-to book: how to "guarantee that a woman will feel like going to bed with you." In order to unravel what she calls this "great remaining mystery," Eno has, like Friday, done "research": "I interviewed hundreds of women," she says simply, forsaking the role of professional. All Eno wants to do is help out those poor blokes, like Steve M. of Uniondale, New York, who want to know why women "act so weird."

The Truth is not worth reading if you want to know how things are changing between the sexes, for it seems, in fact, as if very little has changed. What the book does illuminate—though unintentionally—is the new belief that it is possible to restructure the entire outward human being while still leaving him the same "inside," whatever that may mean. This is not merely a matter of etiquette but of nose jobs and hair transplants.

She tells men what kind of clothes to wear; how to stand at parties; how to control nervousness and "channel" it toward seduction; how to develop bedroom eyes; how to talk (in a subchapter entitled "Voice Sensuality"), and how to smile (don't let that smile be "dippy," "nervous," "apologetic," "forced" —how could it not be all four after so many instructions?).

Eno spends twenty-three pages of *The Truth* explaining how to behave in a restaurant. In a book with this one's aims, what reason is there for such excess? "If you talk too loud or laugh hysterically, you may annoy others sitting nearby. . . ." What Eno is saying, I suppose, is that the women from whom she gleaned *The Truth* have the restaurant game down, and that they damn well don't want to be seen with men who don't. Like Friday, Eno is validating an old antifeminist line, albeit a different one: women long for and achieve the higher reaches of upward mobility, while men gaze adoringly up, squirming and jockeying for position. Why is it still assumed that women are the first to assimilate, and the best at it? I want to read a book called *The Truth About What Men Want in Women*: "When you meet his parents for the first time, don't wear your tightest sweater, your red nail polish, stiletto heels or an ankle bracelet. Don't chew gum."

Sex and Fantasy, despite its catchy title, is no incompetent journeyman's guide to the sordid spots of the psyche; in Robert May's book, "sex" means male or female and "fantasy" means imagination, not necessarily sexual. Men, May informs us, tell stories of great achievement followed by tragic and sudden fall and failure. Women's narratives take a route of passive or active endurance: suffering succeeded by satisfaction. After presenting us with

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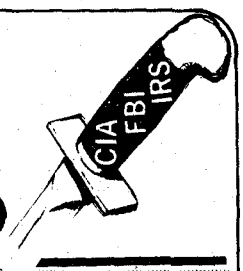

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much proof of this, in myth, in case study and in data, May concludes with a very beautiful chapter entitled "The Dream of Androgyny." In it, he takes to task those propounders of the new liberation who would advise us that it is possible to escape the confines of the body and live in a world where, as Shulamith Firestone once described it, "humanity will have mastered nature totally." May begs to differ. Humanity, he believes, cannot conquer nature and remain humanity. "While being the source of our most intense pride and pleasure," he says, "the body also speaks to us of what we most probably cannot have. The tasks we cannot accomplish, the people we cannot entice to love us, and our certain aging and death. . . ." *Sex and Fantasy* gainsays much of the feminists' hopeful belief in the possibility of escape from the confines both of the physical and the cultural. But it also negates the ignorant biological determinism of Eno's and Friday's books. How we behave, May says, depends strongly on what we are—and on which sex we are. His book is no apology for the "phallocrats," though; it is an argument for the pleasures of difference and for the beauties of the imaginative struggle inherent in our limited humanity. □

POP MUSIC

TOM SMUCKER

By now, *London Calling*, the current album by England's The Clash, is not only a critical success, it's a commercial one as well. Last time I looked, it was moving up the charts at the bottom of the Top Forty, sandwiched between a country and a disco album. I'm not going to add much to the acclaim here, except to say that it's justified. *Nation* readers who last bought a rock album when Bob Dylan wasn't a Christian and Mick Jagger gave clenched-fist salutes in concerts might think about buying this one. Not only are The Clash's politics correct (that is, leftist) but they're also unpredictable and reflective enough to make interesting songs. At the very least, even if you don't buy or listen to the record, its success is interesting in itself. The all-purpose qualifying phrase of the well-rounded, left-wing academic of the late 1970s—"or in rock, as with, say, Mick Jagger or Bruce Springsteen"—should probably now be amended to read "or in rock, as with, say, Mick Jagger or The Clash."

In a sense, this problem—that rock since the late 1960s has increased in sales while declining in significance—has been central to the careers of both Springsteen and The Clash. But where Springsteen was (and is) the great rock traditionalist, loyal to his New Jersey working-class locale and cast in a sort of heroic male literary mold, The Clash were (and are) England's greatest left-wing punk band, and, with the collapse of the Sex Pistols, the best punk band period. Punks got a lot of their original energy from despising the idea of rock history, with its conventions, refinements and elder statesmen. So it's pretty remarkable that The Clash have been able to make a record that ranges so widely in mood and subject matter, including references to rock history (the cover deliberately echoes the cover of Elvis Presley's first album), while maintaining their dramatic desperation and left-wing bite.

Emotionally, The Clash's apocalyptic

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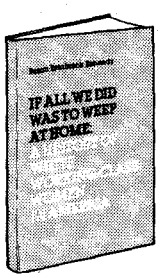

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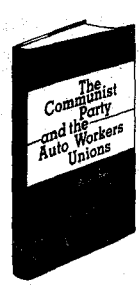

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onslaught-of-fascism outlook is closer to our Revolutionary Communist Party than to our Democratic Socialist Organizing Committee or the Sierra Club. In England, where white people under 30 are a lot worse off than they are here, connections between the punk/new-wave music scene and the left are common. On this side of the Atlantic, however, The Clash's audience is far more likely to share the band's urgency about the state of rock-and-roll than about the state of the economy; or if it does share the politics, it is most likely already part of the hip left.

These contradictions between the band and their American audience are what make the success of *London Calling* so interesting. After recording two acclaimed but very punkish albums, The Clash have shown themselves capable of making a more "accessible" album without losing their original base. Cuts from *London Calling* are getting played on the influential mainstream rock FM stations which are normally hostile to punk. The Clash even have a hit single—"Train in Vain." Will this be the opening for The Clash to break through to the disenfranchised white kids in this country who might resemble the ones they often sing about in their own? Or will the frightening level of success accorded rock acts here inevitably bend them into the sort of ritualized rebels who dominate much teen-age rock?

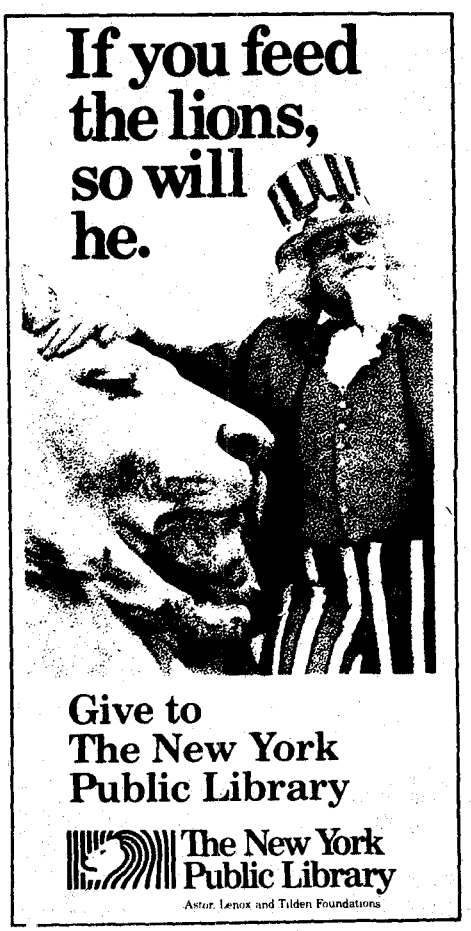
In the United States, The Clash have no clear political connections or milieu to help them maintain definition in the face of success, but they do have one thing going for them. Their songs have political content. Another of England's successful punks, Elvis Costello, has gotten a lot of mileage out of being gifted and surly, but he faces a crisis of authenticity now that rock goddess Linda Ronstadt has covered three of his songs on her new album. Most Clash songs would hold their political pizazz even if sung by Engelbert Humperdinck in Las Vegas.

America's greatest surviving punk band, The Ramones, have had the misfortune of releasing *their* "more accessible" album, *End of the Century*, at the same time as *London Calling*. Originally an essence-of-rock-with-no-fringes band with simple-minded but ironic lyrics which depicted lower-middle-class Queens, The Ramones have turned here to rock's original Wall of Sound producer, Phil Spector. This is not the first time the lavish Spector has been matched with pop music minimalists, and it's also not the first time the combination has failed. I can say that *End of the Century* is full of surprising and illuminating paradoxes, but the Spector sound adds nothing new, and for the most part The Ramones get caught recycling old ideas, occasionally holding on to their irony, but more often than not slipping into hypocrisy or spite. Worst of all, this attempt at Big Sales hasn't been a hit.

Hypocrisy, spite and the reactionary politics The Ramones flirt with can all make great pop music, so why don't they here? Maybe because instead of expanding themselves, as The Clash have done, The Ramones have undercut themselves with this record. Their original conceits—dumbbell pillhead teenagers as observers, suspicion of 1960s counterculture pretensions combined with affirmation of its ecstasy, group image over personal identity and the humor in the depravity of everyday life—all offered opportunities for new directions in the late 1970s. But when The Ramones failed to catch on despite constant touring, they experienced an irony I guess they didn't enjoy: their "simple-minded" approach didn't have mass appeal; it was too arty. Most kids preferred something with a little more pretense.

By stepping out on this record as plain old good-time high school Joes or sentimental (and not even tacky) lovers, they call the whole act into question. Hey, what about those lobotomized teen-agers sniffing glue? And they sacrifice their self-deprecatory humor, which had the special virtue of getting closer to class feelings in this country than any amount of political rhetoric ever has.

In their prime, The Ramones produced one of the wittiest and most energetic concerts I'd ever seen, but they moved at a frenetic pace they couldn't maintain. And as The Clash have shown, although an *attitude* usually provides the initial excitement in rock, over the long haul, ideas still offer more lasting power. □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INDIGENOUS MUSIC

NAT HENTOFF

If Molly Bloom had been a part-Cherokee girl from Oklahoma who ran away at 15 to divine the mysteries of New York City nights, her soliloquy might well have resembled Lee Wiley's "Down to Steamboat Tennessee." Except that Wiley's one-take performance was truly improvised, more sensuous and certainly more subtly swinging. In all of jazz vocal literature, there is no more elegant a work of erotica than this five-minute waking dream. Elegant because Lee Wiley was always able to project intense intimacy (or an invitation thereto) along with a most provocative, aristocratic elusiveness. She could be more mysterious than New York City nights.

For years, "Down to Steamboat Tennessee" has been only fitfully available, but now it has emerged again, and I would suggest you get a copy before it vanishes once more. Along with "Sugar," another triumph of cool (like dry ice) desire, the Wiley vocals belong to an otherwise instrumental set, *J. Stacy and Friends*, part of the Commodore Classics in Jazz series made available through Columbia Special Products.

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It's Commodore FXL 15358, and if your local store doesn't have it, and indeed has never heard of Lee Wiley, write John Franks, Columbia Special Products, 51 West 52nd Street, New York, New York 10019. (The Stacy is, of course, Jess, a singularly lyrical pianist and one-time husband of the challenging Wiley.)

When these recordings were made some thirty years ago, there was an abundance of female jazz singers. In addition to the variously formidable blueswomen, one could hear a quite wondrous scope of sounds and temperaments. A partial list would have included Billie Holiday, Ivie Anderson, Mildred Bailey, Teddy Grace (does anyone know whatever became of her?), Maxine Sullivan (who has actually improved greatly in her present autumnal years), Linda Keene, et al.

Now, however, there are dismayingly few young women singing jazz convincingly, and the older ones are more virtuoso technicians than storytellers. They are more interested in how they say something than in what they're saying. Sarah Vaughan, for instance, still has an instrument of astonishing range and play of colors, but much of the time, she could be singing a yearning beer commercial for all the attention she gives to getting inside the lyrics. Anita O'Day, with a less resplendent instrument, is sometimes more penetrating, but she too seems at times to be proudly watching herself juggle the words with oh-such-swift wit. And to hell with the meaning.

Carmen McRae has the look and manner of a very wise headmistress of a tough finishing school who seldom unbends any longer lest she give a bad example of unceremonious grooving. And the musically advanced Betty Carter is as self-indulgent (here I will be a double heretic) as Art Tatum often was on piano. My, so many notes so ingeniously designed. But what is she *saying*, except that she's musically bright?

Sooner or later, though, some young woman is going to get on a stand and astonish the horns by reminding them that the voice can also be one hell of a surprising jazz instrument. In the meantime, an intriguing hybrid has appeared among us. Toni Brown is not a jazz singer. Nor is she a rock performer. And although she digs country music, no one would ever mistake her for Loretta Lynn, or even Sissy Spacek. Yet there are shades and rhythms of jazz, rock and country in what she does, along with other seasonings. In asymmetrical sum, she is stylistically an eclectic. But in temperament and perspective, Toni Brown is an original.

In the late 1960s and early 1970s, she co-led The Joy of Cooking, one of the first female-run rock bands although it cooked much more satisfyingly when it let itself go on jazz. Since then, she's had her own groups and recorded some rather indistinctive albums; but on *Toni Brown* (Fantasy) she has passed the divide between journeywoman and boss performer.

A generation ago, Toni Brown might have taken to writing short stories instead of using recording studios as sounding boards for all she sees and hoards in streets, offices and bedrooms. All the songs are hers, and each is an epiphany—of failed independence, of failed interdependence and of joyfully palpable successes, too. She is mordantly funny, unabashedly vulnerable and enviably resilient.

Now she's thinking about writing a book because "you've only got three minutes in a song." Who said? Of all writer-performers around, Toni Brown has the skills, perceptual as well as musical, to write the first indigenous cantata on the way a lot of us live, and don't learn. Them three-minute tracks are only man-made. That shouldn't stop a Toni Brown. □

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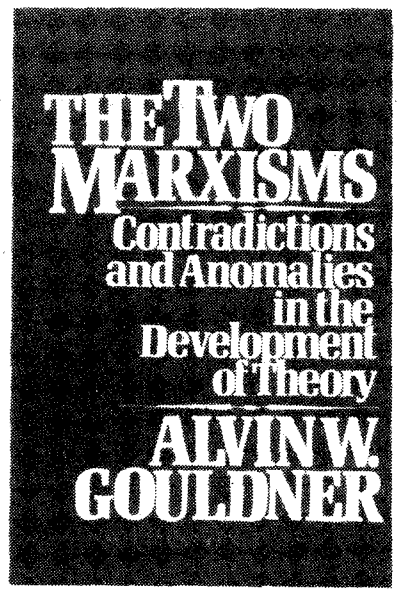

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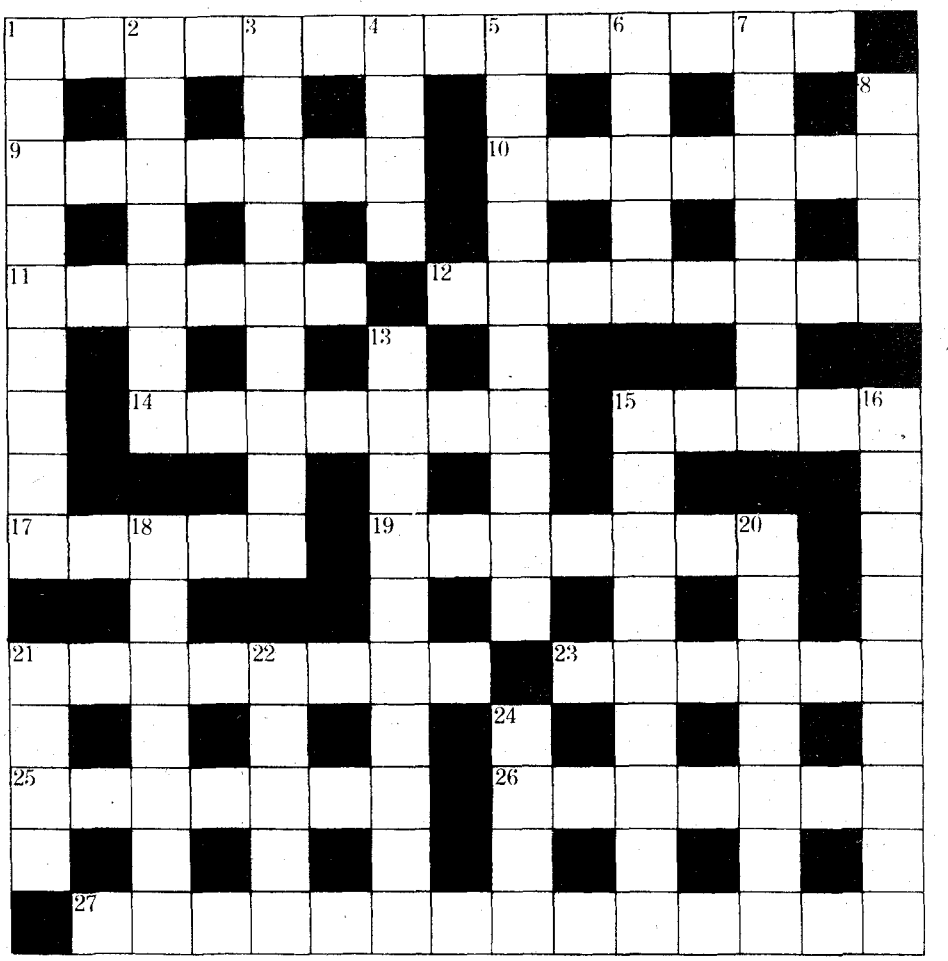

ACROSS

1, 26 and 21 down Little League stars, perhaps, should have outstanding receivers as they say, but this will inhibit broadcasting. (6,8,4,3,4,)
9 Look for oil possibly up a tree. (7)
10 Talked about one of the articles appearing in Washington. (7)
11 If something does, you may be griped. (Major, for example, to the French.) (6)
12 Breaking up things might be considered very good in London. (8)
14 Are they up in arms? Quite the other way around! (7)
15 Rages and rears, but such ways may lead to higher levels. (5)
17 Gives relief in time, as estimated. (5)
19 You have to go out before you can. (7)
21 We rose by what may be sometimes lifted. (8)
23 Not much to wear at all, by the sound of it. (6)
25 A snappy comeback in prose, it could be. (7)
26 See 1 across
27 His Summer Time was not the Good Old, but was still good. (6,8)

DOWN

1 Put down the instance in little letters. (5,4)
2 They used to make a lot of shekels—perhaps you can make a lot of dollars with them, too. (7)
3 It probably won't cover what happens in Iran. (5,4)
4 Just a short distance up for cats and dogs. (4)
5 Boss, just ask Ma's terminology to show it! (10)
6 Worn by some terrorists and gangsters in general. (5)
7 That's life, philosophically and artistically! (7)
8 One of the 6 might also be a cracker, of sorts. (4)
13 Omnipresent, but we here very badly needed to show it. (10)
15 The River Tees, in a way, brings back things to me. (9)
16 Strangely enough, it might be standing in for someone, but workers and students have been found doing it. (7,2)
18 What Jack went up? (7)
20 Did it give Wordsworth palpitations? (7)
21 See 1 across
22 The early type is not necessarily to be found on the stairs. (5)
24 Goody! She had more than one! (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1822

ACROSS: 1 Bowie knife; 6 and 1 down Read between the lines; 10 and 11 The Good Old Days; 12 Eels; 13 Aspidistra; 15 Normans; 16 and 24 down Stand at ease; 17 Hard-set; 20 Relapse; 22 Locomotive; 23 Sofa; 25 Needles; 26 Swahili; 27 Sash; 28 Meddlesome. DOWN: 2 Wheeler; 3 Eros; 4 Nudists; 5 Florins; 7 Exalted; 8 Distant relative; 9 Admirable; 14 Facsimile; 18 Rackets; 19 To taste; 20 Revised; 21 Proviso.

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